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Special Photogravure Supplement: "The Liberal Leaders." SIXPENCE.

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SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN GIVES UP ATTEMPTING TO COPE WITH TORY ROWDYISM AT SHREWSBURY.

DRAWN BY H. H. FLÈRE FROM SKETCHES BY PRESTON CRIBB, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT SHREWSBURY.

At Shrewsbury a crowd of lads shouted continuously, "Joe Chamberlain is coming!" Someone varied the performance by shouting "God save the King!" whereupon Mr. Hemmerde exclaimed, "Don't profane the King's name by making beasts of yourselves at the back of the hall."



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

I CANNOT share that horror of Election rows which I find prevails in those patrician and exclusive circles in which (of course) I move. I think that there ought to be a firm and well-understood agreement against mere animal wrecking; and beyond that, the more vulgar meetings are, the better I like them. Some people object, for instance, to the popular interruptions during speeches. After having attended many meetings of both parties at General Elections, I find that, broadly speaking, the average of the impromptu interruptions is very much higher than the average of platform speeches. Both are, of course, bigoted, unfair, influenced, almost exclusively, by the newspapers, a little superficial, a little spiteful. But the interruption is unlike the speech in this respect, that it is not cowardly, not sophistical, not evasive, and not discursive. If both rely on catch-words, at least the man in the gallery utters them as catch-words. The man on the platform strings them together into what is supposed to be a chain of argument, but which is really only valued because these catch-words come up in it from time to time and claim a volley of cheers. The man of the platform learns the art of expanding his sentiments. The man in the gallery learns the art of concentrating his. This brilliant brevity of the democracy they learn chiefly, I believe, through having to converse with each other upon rapid vehicles going in opposite directions. In any case, I have often been annoyed at the way in which some man's incessant talking on the platform prevented my hearing the remarks in the gallery. The chairman generally lifts his hand and plaintively requests the man in the gallery not to interrupt the speaker on the platform. If I were the chairman I should lift my hand and plaintively request the speaker on the platform not to interrupt the man in the gallery. Holding and expressing this reasonable view, I may add that it is a remarkable circumstance that I never am the chairman.

One romantic old gentleman, I understand, said of some declaration of his political leader that it "set his old blood coursing through his veins, his heart beating, his . . ." and here his imagery of the emotions for a moment failing him, an obscure and friendly auditor helped him out with the suggestion, "Yer tongue waggin'," which may or may not have been adopted to fill the verbal gap. In this case we have a distinct element of true psychological satire, an exposure of that idle emotionalism that relieves itself easily in speech. Sometimes the appropriateness of the interruption partakes of the nature of a mere verbal felicity, as in another case that occurred the other day; a case in which the speaker was referring to a very great statesman whom I will not name. Employing the familiar line of Scott, this orator said that the statesman was "going forth unwept, unhonoured . . ." and before the third adjective could follow, a lightning voice substituted "unhung." I have also a rather good opinion of the unknown citizen who listened to a long discussion about Polish Jews and other aliens, and, hearing the candidate express a desire to "shift the Poles further" hazarded the query "North Pole?" in an amicable voice. Sometimes, I say, these interruptions are pregnant; sometimes they are only witty; but they are almost invariably full-blooded and genial. Even when they are so partisan as to be positively malignant, it is, so to speak, a jolly malignity. It is not like the thin, uncomfortable sneering of the respectable public speakers. And the reason is evident. The man on the platform has to be polished and prudent; he has to think of the laws of libel, or, worse still, of the laws of good taste. He has to assert solemnly that he has not one word to say in disrespect of our opponent, Colonel Spanker. And he has to say it with such an intonation as shall leave the general impression that Colonel Spanker has poisoned ten wives. But the man in the hall is free, and can luxuriate in the richest details of the Spankerian career. He is enjoying himself, and therefore his very hatred is kindly. He says what he likes, and therefore he likes what he says. And the lesson of the matter is very clear and important: it is that if our politics were a little more plain-spoken they would really be a little more good-humoured. For the most bitter thing in the world, the thing most full of intellectual cruelties and a hungry hatred in the heart, the most wholly malignant thing known to our humanity, is peace without love. It is possible to love your enemies, so long as you do not make a treaty with them. If you wish to love your enemy, fight him. If, however, you wish to hate him with a really hellish hatred, surrender to him.

Indeed, I think that general agreements or the pretence of general agreements have much to answer for in the promotion of fundamental disunion. There are two kinds of peacemakers peculiar to or at least prominent in the modern world; and they are both, though in various ways, a nuisance. The first peacemaker is the man who goes about saying that he agrees with everybody. He confuses everybody. The second peacemaker

is the man who goes about saying that everybody agrees with him. He enrages everybody. Between the two of them they produce a hundred times more disputes and distractions than we poor pugnacious people would ever have thought of in our lives. For there is something very irritating to any free man about that particular kind of comprehensiveness. The exclusive bigot is far better than the inclusive bigot. Suppose you know a Thug, or a man of some nasty religion. If he says that his creed excludes yours, you will not be greatly concerned about his narrowness. But if he says that his creed includes yours, you will be decidedly annoyed.

I seem to see in most of the papers a curious confusion about the character of Nero, which is to be dealt with by Mr. Stephen Phillips as a poet and by Mr. Tree as an actor. There seems to be a sort of idea that Mr. Stephen Phillips, in depicting Nero as a poet and artist, is endeavouring vulgarly to "whitewash" him. I have no idea myself as to what Mr. Phillips's opinions or intentions in the matter are. But if he is representing Nero as an artist he is simply following the best historical information on the subject: that Nero was an æsthetic much in the modern manner has been long established by the ablest scholars and biographers. But you do not whitewash a man when you call him an æsthetic. There is nothing particularly æsthetic about whitewash. To say that a man is an artist, or that he does his evil deeds as an artist, is not to justify him or them. "Artist" is not a term of moral approval. Personally I use it (in heated moments) as a term of abuse. That a man is an artist means that he combines deliberately and enjoys the result. But what does he combine and what are the results? That is the only question with which ethics are concerned. If he combines prussic acid with the interior of his grandfather, I scarcely contend that the act is better because it is done deliberately. But it is certainly the more artistic, because it is done deliberately. If a man boils babies, I hesitate to accept as an exculpation the fact that he enjoys boiling babies. It seems to my confused mind something like an additional unpleasantness in his character. I could like him a little better if he boiled his babies with a slight reluctance, or at least with a shade of depression. But certainly the more such a man enjoys his work the more he is, so far, like an artist.

The truth that Nero was an artist cannot excuse Nero, and was not meant to excuse Nero. But it does excuse somebody. It does excuse all the gloomy, practical people from the beginning of the world who have made war on artists. They saw the truth which Mr. Stephen Phillips is, I understand, now developing in his Roman tragedy—the truth that art, as such, is emphatically not to be trusted. If once a man begins to aspire to the beautiful he may do anything low and horrid. He may aspire to my watch or your bleeding head. My watch is extraordinarily beautiful; and, as for your head, it is one of the sights of Surbiton. Nero aspired to the beautiful in that style. He thought that blood was beautiful, and he was perfectly right; it is beautiful. He thought a city on fire would look nice. And so it would. And it is this truth that has made so many moralists—yes, and so many quite detached philosophers—profoundly suspicious of the arts. You read that it is only black-coated scarecrows like Mr. Stiggins who denounce poetry, the drama, and music. Was Plato a replica of Mr. Stiggins? He kicked the poets out of his Republic.

One of the anticipatory criticisms on Mr. Stephen Phillips's "Nero," a criticism in a daily paper, says, among other things, the following: "Mr. Phillips has not drawn him as an inhuman monster, mad with the lust of blood, and fiendish in his cruelty. Inhuman monsters do not really exist among men, but only in fairy-tales and folk-lore." Of all sentences I have ever read, that seems to me the most astonishing. And yet it is more astonishing still in that it comes in a daily paper. In the police news on the other side of the page you might read every other day of an inhuman monster. You may read of a man who marries a long catalogue of women, destroying them with poison like rats. You may read of a man who invents new tortures for his own infants as a man might invent new metres or new combinations in music. But it is the comfortable doctrine of the paper that we are all inevitably mild. We cannot be monsters of vice. We need not be monsters of virtue. And everyone loses sight of the true and terrible and inspiring doctrine—the old doctrine that unless we strive every instant to be monsters of virtue, we ourselves may easily be monsters of vice. There is nothing nearer to us than madness; as every man knows who recalls some one moment of his life. "Inhuman monsters do not really exist, except in fairy-tales"! There are plenty of inhuman monsters in the modern world; inhuman monsters control commerce and rule continents. The only real difference between fairy-tale and modern fact is this: that in fairy-tales the monsters are fought. That is one of the very many superiorities of fairy-tales.

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# THEIR FIRST TIME IN PARLIAMENT: NEW-COMERS TO ST. STEPHEN'S.



## MEMBERS WHO HAVE NOT SAT BEFORE.

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## THE WORLD'S NEWS.

## The Flowing Tide.

The result of Ipswich Election, the first of the polls, was as it happened, a true omen of what was to follow; but not even the most sanguine Liberal was prepared for the tremendous Unionist *débâcle* that the country has seen during the last week. There was more than a suspicion in the minds of good Radicals, and perhaps even of moderate Liberals, that the late Government had long outstayed their welcome, and this the voice of the electorate has now proved. It may be said, indeed, that their reluctance to go was akin to that of the gentleman at Tyburn

celebrated in a famous rhyme. Too well they knew that when they quitted the cart of office there was no prospect for them but the dance on nothing. It was to Lancashire, the industrial pulse of the nation, that the Tariff Reform party looked for the proof of its vitality. But the proof was not forthcoming. The ex-Prime Minister, who had represented



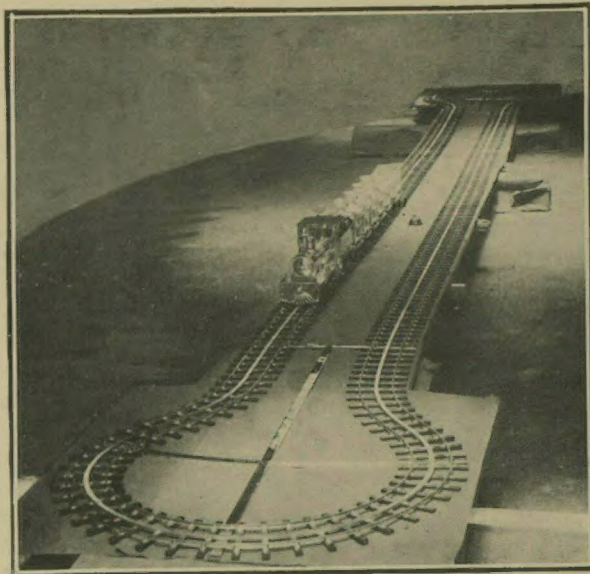
Photo, Russell.

MR. EDWARD STOTT.  
New A.R.A.

East Manchester for twenty years, was defeated by a majority of 1080; and Mr. Winston Churchill, for the North-West Division of the city, was returned by a majority of 1241. The whole nine constituencies of Manchester and Salford voted Liberal. Mr. Balfour, as was to be expected, took his defeat magnificently. He has seldom, indeed, been seen to greater advantage than in the speeches he has made since the declaration of the poll at Manchester. He regarded his misfortune as a party rather than a personal concern. He had experienced the common lot, but he looked to the future, and to the day when that lot would fall to the present Government, and he and his colleagues would be recalled to make good the damage which he believed would be wrought by the party now in office. In a later speech, he said that that task would not be too hard for them, but difficult times were before them—times that could not be otherwise than sterile and fraught with peril to our international position and our Empire. He permitted himself only one fling at his opponents. He doubted the unity of the Cabinet. Mr. Asquith had said that they did not all speak one language. If that were so, Mr. Balfour was glad, for there was one member of the Government whose language would do credit to a bargee, and rather belonged to a slanging match between rowdies quarrelling over their cups than to a responsible Minister. After the fourth day of polling, the Government had a majority of 143. One Unionist disaster followed close on the heels of another. Defeated members of the last Administration included, besides the ex-Premier, Mr. A. Lyttelton, Mr. Long, Mr. Gerald Balfour, Sir S. Crossley, and Mr. Hayes Fisher, a former Financial Secretary to the Treasury, who, although considered safe at Fulham, was not elected. Newcastle showed extraordinary results. A Labour candidate, Mr. Hudson, polled 18,869 votes; Mr. Cairns (Liberal), who carried the other seat, 18,423; the defeated Conservatives polling 11,942 and 11,223 respectively. Nine Labour gains were recorded on the fourth day. Mr. Burns, at Battersea, secured a majority of 1600.

## In Russia.

Armed rebellion against authority seems to have been abandoned for the moment by the directors of the great revolt against Tsardom. The Government forces hold St. Petersburg and Moscow very strongly, and the Government censor exercises a very rigid supervision over news that comes in from the vast outlying provinces of the Empire, so we cannot form any reliable judgment upon the march of events. Some measure of progress may be remarked in the affairs of the Russian Church, the Tsar having authorised the Holy Synod to convene a council. Politicians of the more temperate class continue to pin their faith

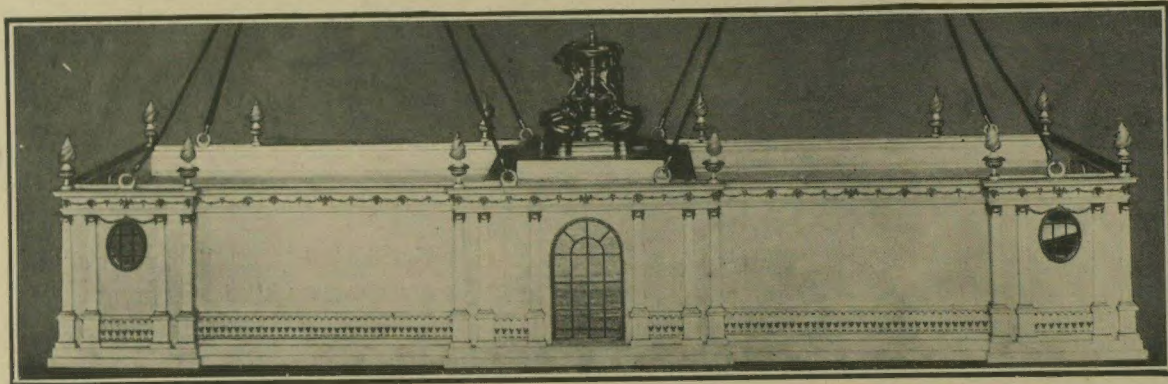


THE MAHARAJAH OF GWALIOR'S SURPRISE FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES'S BANQUET: THE DECANTER, CIGAR, AND CIGARETTE RAILWAY.

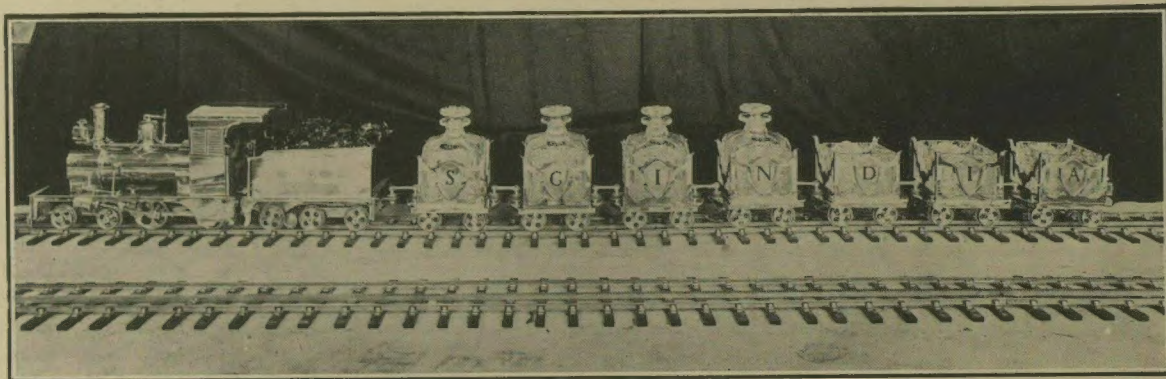
to the Duma, but the advanced sections of Liberalism and Democracy are making independent plans.

## An Ingenious Model Railway.

At the Maharajah of Gwalior's banquet to the Prince of Wales the centre of the table was occupied by a sort of temple designed by Messrs. Maple. It was decorated with flowers and electric lamps.

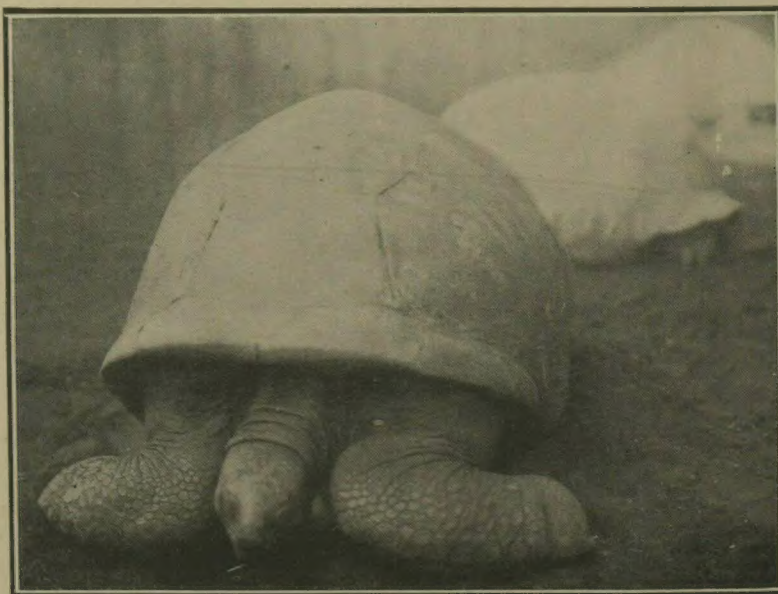


THE CENTREPIECE THAT CONCEALED THE MAHARAJAH'S DINING-TABLE RAILWAY UNTIL THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT.



THE MAHARAJAH'S SURPRISE: THE MODEL TRAIN WITH DECANTER AND CIGAR TRUCKS.

Towards the close of the banquet this ornament was raised to the roof by pulleys, revealing a perfect model railway in the centre of the table. The engine was an exact copy of the Gwalior light-railway locomotive, and the train, eight feet long, carried decanters, cigars, cigarettes, and matches. The Maharajah started the train



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

DIED AT THE AGE OF 400: THE ELEPHANT-TORTOISE AT THE "ZOO."

The elephant-tortoise has died during his winter torpor. On his shell was painted a legend giving his age as 350, but that is believed to have been an under-statement.

by completing an electric circuit, and any guest could stop the train by lifting a decanter. By an ingenious system of compensating bogeys the train could turn a four-foot curve. The whole device was invented and carried out by Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth and Co. at their Great Peter Street Works in London. Each truck bore one of the letters of the Maharajah's name, Scindia.

## Our Portraits.

Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, recently elected a Royal Academician, has been one of the most prominent exhibitors at Burlington House for some years past, contributing both portraits and paintings of classical subjects. He is a Londoner by birth, and has studied his art at home, in the Academy Schools, and abroad in Paris (where he was one of Cabanel's pupils), in Munich, Italy, Holland, Spain, and Morocco. His best-known works are his portraits of Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the character of Paula Tanqueray, Sir George Faudel-Phillips, Bart., Mr. Zangwill, and Mr. George Frampton; "The Birth of Love," "Niobe," "The Judgment of Paris," "Echo and Narcissus," "Samson," and "Laus Deo." He became an Associate ten years ago.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.

MR. SOLOMON J. SOLOMON.  
New R.A.

Mr. Edward Stott, one of the new A.R.A.s, has also figured regularly as an exhibitor at the Royal Academy, and he also worked in Paris for a time, dividing his studies between Cabanel, at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, and Carolus Duran. He is a Rochdale man, and was educated at Rochdale Grammar School and at King's School, Ely, Cambridge.

## The Algeciras Conference.

The delegates to the Morocco Conference have already assembled in the Town Hall of Algeciras, and when the smoke of our own electoral contest has blown away, the public will rise to a full sense of the enormous significance of the meeting. Although the envoys number a score or more, the most important members of the Conference are M. Revoil, the representative of France, Count Tattenbach, with whom Herr von Radowitz is associated on behalf of Germany, Sir Arthur Nicolson, who represents Great Britain, Hadj Mohammed el Torres from Morocco, Count Cassini from St. Petersburg, Mr. Henry White from the U.S.A., the Duke of Almodovar, who represents Spain, and the Marquis Viconti Venosta, who will speak for Italy. The weight of influence is undoubtedly with France, but inasmuch as all decisions, to be properly effective, must be unanimous, a mere majority can hardly be effective. A study of the best-informed section of the Press reveals the uneasiness that exists throughout Europe, the fear lest the Conference should prove abortive, and that the great problem of Morocco should not be found capable of a peaceful solution. It is hard for any save the most optimistic students of European politics to see how the conflicting claims of France and Germany can be settled without detriment to the naval needs and interests of Great Britain.

## The late Mr. W. A. Donnelly.

We regret to record the death of Mr. W. A. Donnelly, who had for many years been our special artist in Scotland. Our readers will remember his work, particularly his studies of antiquarian discoveries in Scotland, a subject which he followed with the greatest interest; but in what is technically known as "news" sketching he was also very expert. It was to him that this Journal owed the excellent material for its picture of the Duke of Connaught's motor-accident and of the great fire in the Glasgow lodging-house. His last public appearance was at the Royal Review at Edinburgh, of which Sir Robert Cranston commissioned him to paint a commemorative picture.



LEEDS' REJECTION OF MR. GERALD BALFOUR: ELECTION SCENES.

SKETCHES BY ERNEST FORBES, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT LEEDS.



## THE POLLING AND THE DECLARATION OF THE RESULT.

In Central Leeds, Mr. Armitage (Liberal) turned a Conservative majority of 1102 into a Liberal majority of 1069, defeating Mr. Gerald Balfour, the Conservative candidate. The other divisions of the city returned three Liberals and one Labour member.



# LIBERAL GAINS IN TORY AND NATIONALIST LIVERPOOL.

SKETCHES BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT LIVERPOOL.



## ROUND THE POLLING-STATIONS AND COMMITTEE-ROOMS.

Liverpool shook its Conservative traditions by two Liberal gains. It returned five Unionists, two Liberals (Major Seely and Mr. R. Cherry), and Mr. T. P. O'Connor kept his seat as the only Nationalist representing an English constituency. His majority was increased more than three times over.



# THE FOUR LIBERAL VICTORIES IN ST. PANCRAS.

DRAWN BY H. H. FLÈRE.



COUNTING THE VOTES

LADIES  
IN THE  
GALLERY

SILENCE  
IS  
IMPERATIVE

MR LEA (L)  
SPEAKING FROM  
BALCONY OF  
GLADSTONE  
HOUSE  
AFTER THE POLL

MR PW WILSON (L)

MR H R GRAHAM  
(U)

SIR THOMAS WRIGHTSON (C)  
WAITING RESULT OF POLL

SIR W COLLINS (L)

MRS DICKINSON (L)

CONGRATULATIONS AFTER THE POLLING

MRS DICKINSON  
BEING CONGRATULATED BY  
MRS MOON

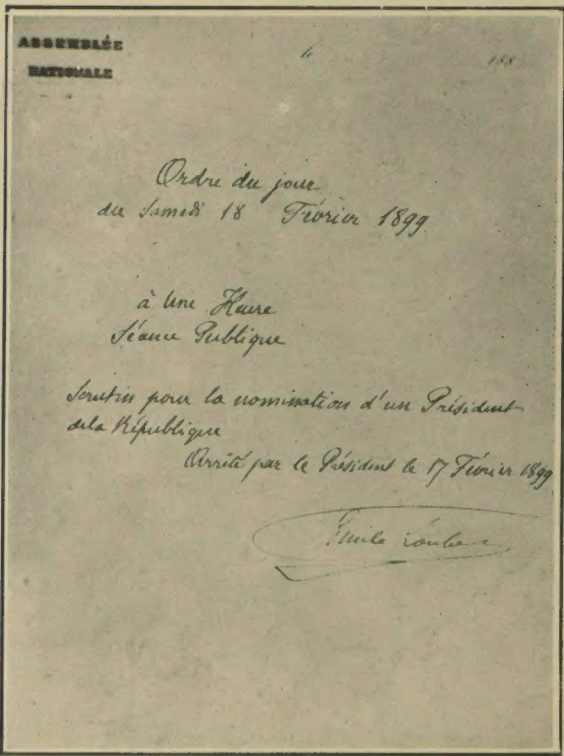
THE  
TRIUMPHAL  
DEPARTURE  
OF  
MR AND MRS DICKINSON

## SCENES AND INCIDENTS AT THE ST. PANCRAS POLLING STATIONS.

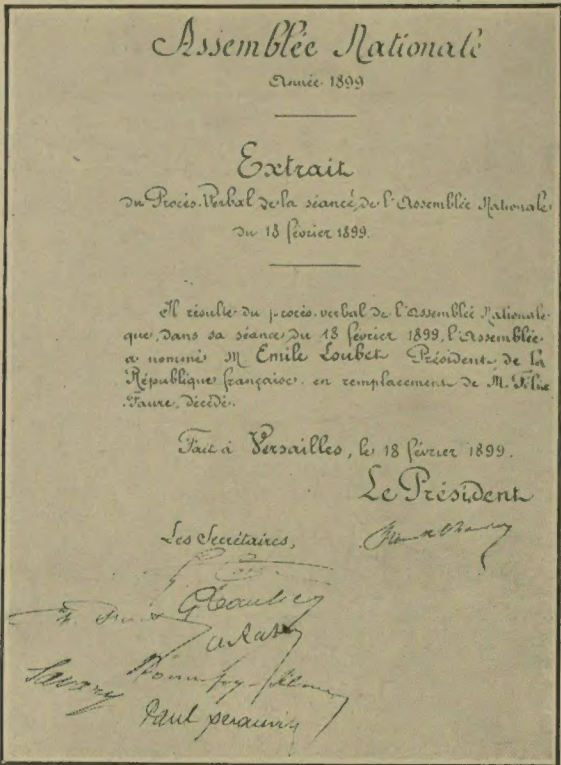
St. Pancras returned a Liberal in all its four divisions. In each case the Liberal victory in this division meant a seat wrested from the Tories and a majority overturned.



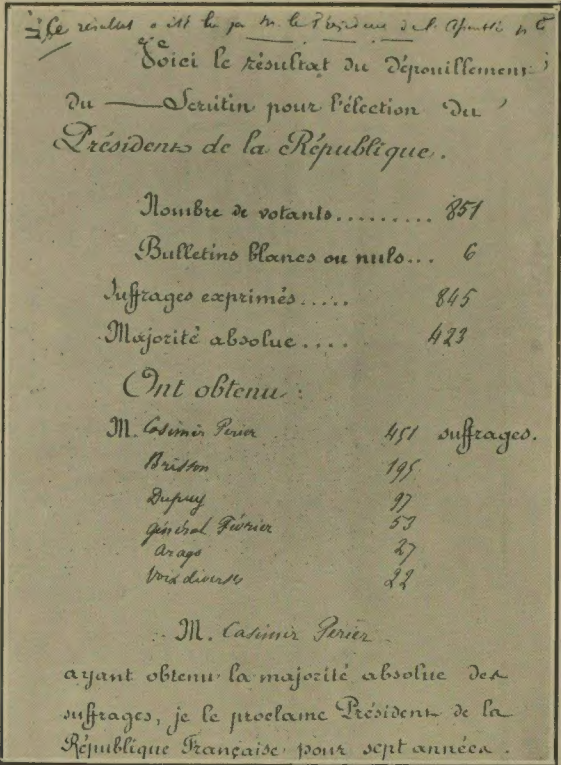
THE URN OF DESTINY: ELECTING THE FRENCH PRESIDENT.



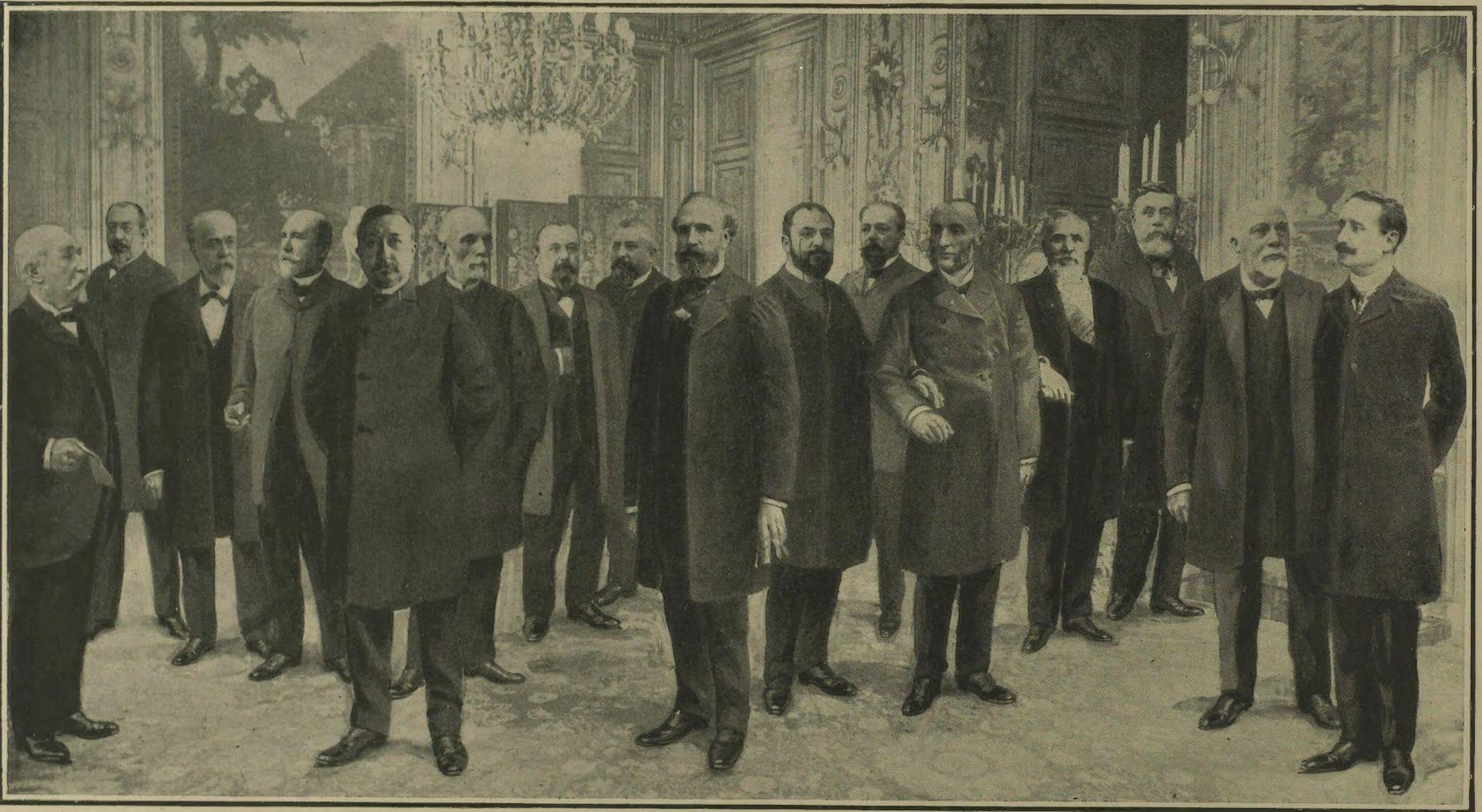
THE PRESIDENTIAL CONGRESS, 1899: THE ORDER OF THE DAY SIGNED BY M. LOUBET.



THE OFFICIAL PROCLAMATION OF M. LOUBET'S ELECTION AS PRESIDENT.

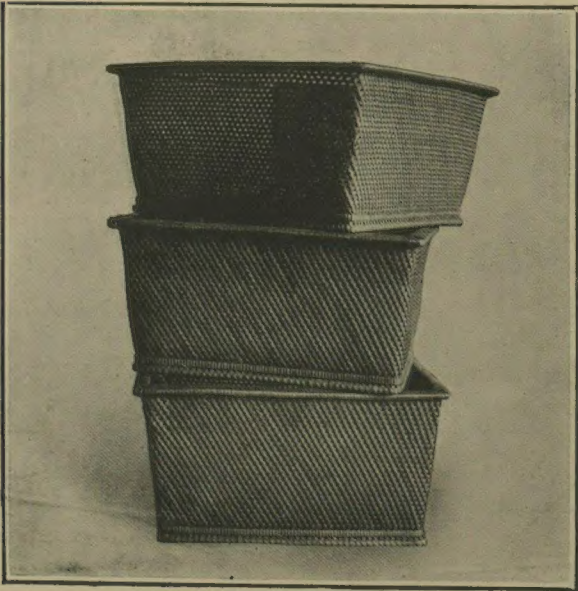


THE OFFICIAL RETURNS FOR THE ELECTION OF M. CASIMIR PERIER.

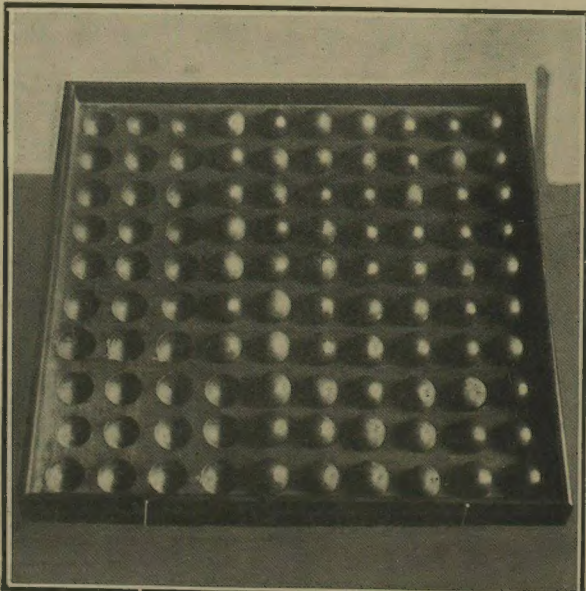


POSSIBLE PRESIDENTS OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

The names, reading from left to right are: MM. Combes, Rouvier, Brisson, Peytral, Berteaux, Freycinet, Jean Dupuy, Charles Dupuy, Ribot, Bourgeois, Doumer, Méline, Loubet, Fallières, Sarrien, Deschanel.



THE BASKETS FOR THE PRESIDENTIAL BALLOTS.



THE "BALLOTS OF CONTROL"



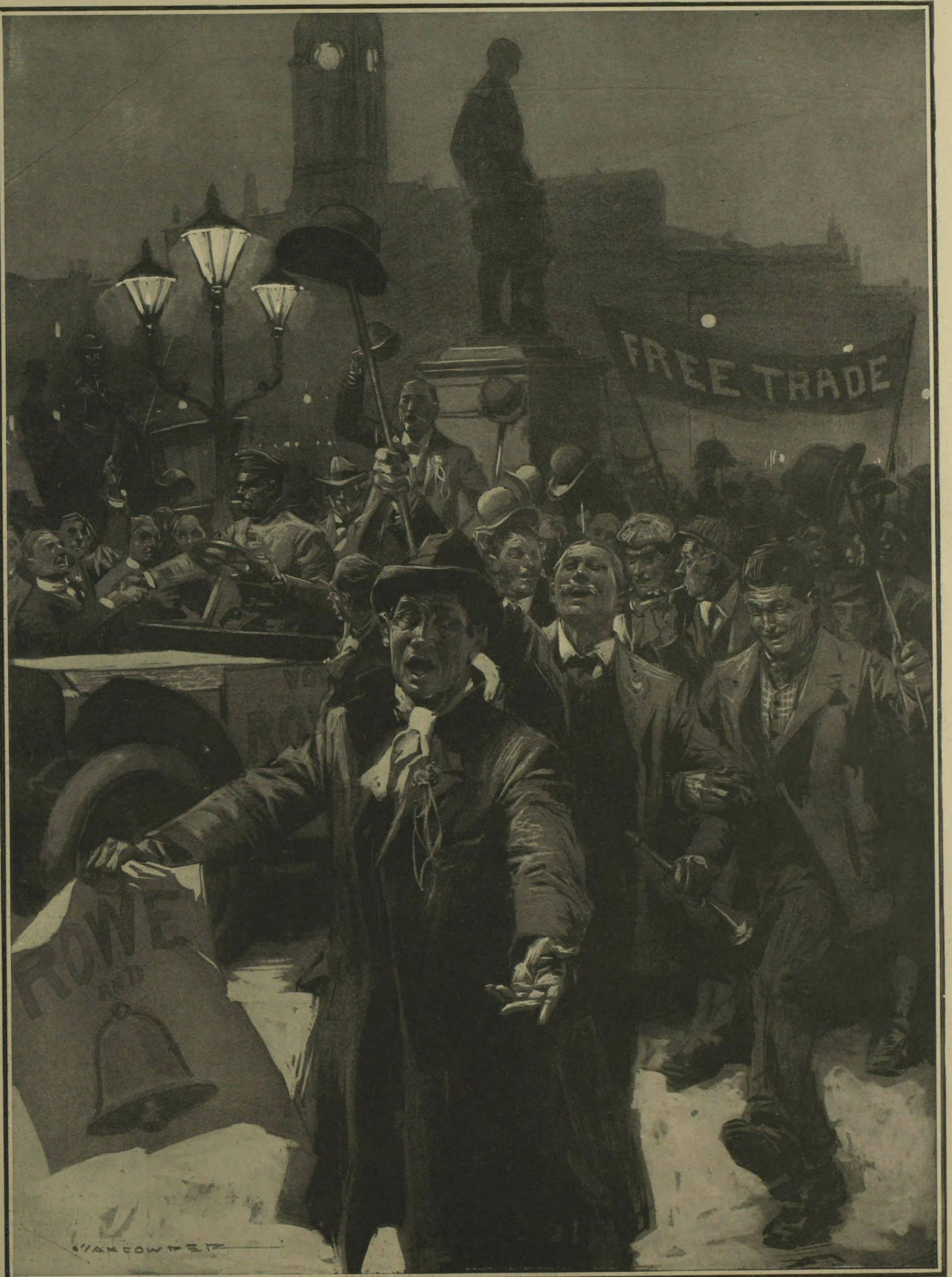
THE VOTING-URN.

The Presidential Election is held in the Hall of the Senate and Congress at Versailles. The urn is of metal, and is large enough to hold 892 voting-papers. The roll of the Congress is called, and each Deputy, in answer to his name, mounts the Tribune and deposits his vote. Each voter has received from the secretary a ballot, and when he returns from the Tribune he places this, as a check on his vote, in one of the compartments of a series of boards. The urn and the ballot-boards are then removed to the Salle Marengo, where the enumeration takes place beneath the statue of Napoleon. The result is announced in the Senate by the President of that body or by the Vice-President if the President should happen to have been elected chief of the State, as was the case with M. Loubet.



# THE LABOUR AND LIBERAL VICTORY AT DERBY: AFTER THE POLL.

DRAWN BY MAX COWPER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT DERBY.



THE STREETS OF DERBY AFTER THE DECLARATION OF THE POLL.

Derby returned two members, Mr. Richard Bell (Labour) and Sir Thomas Roe (Liberal). They defeated Captain Holford and Mr. E. G. Spencer-Churchill, the Conservative candidates, by 3940 and 3818 respectively.



## S C H M I D T.

By LLOYD OSBOURNE.



Illustrated by A. FORESTIER.

IT was in my early days that I first met Schmidt—at the time of my literary beginnings, before the sun of my prosperity had even dawned faintly over the horizon of Third Avenue. It was the long, long Arctic night of my career, and I used to descend stealthily from my rooms over the shoe-store and buy pemmican of that redoubtable German. Pemmican is my fanciful way of describing eggs, milk, cheese, and the products of the pig, which, in the delicatessen store opposite, could be bought in fractional quantities for the sustenance of literature.

In those days it was an article of my belief that every human being is interesting. I have long since outlived that conviction; but I was then young and Balzacian, and Schmidt tempted me from the defying dullness of his outer personality. He was a bulky creature, with enormous hands and a cold, calculating eye. His expertness in slicing off an exact quarter-pound of ham was truly astonishing. He could also treat butter in the same unerring manner. With a single look he could give you the weight and price of a turkey drumstick. Here, thought I, is some raw material for my mighty pen. Let me probe these depths, and disclose the human soul, the hidden joys and sorrows, the hopes, ambitions, and dreams, of this man of ham and sausage.

Alas, for my good intentions! The probing revealed nothing but more Schmidt, identical inside and out. He had no dreams, no unsuspected ambitions, no hidden joys or sorrows. The inner Schmidt was as much a butter-slicer and ham-shaver as the outer article. He was consistently Schmidt all the way through. Incidentally, of course, I learned certain material facts about him: that he was unmarried; that he was forty-one years old; that until recently he had been the sole support of a widowed aunt; that he lived in a cheap boarding-house nine doors down the Avenue; that his business was steady and prosperous; that he had three thousand dollars laid away in the bank. He seemed to have no friends, no relaxations, no anything outside his shop. Day in, day out, he stood behind his counter; on Sundays he slept away the morning, and spent the afternoon in reading a yellow journal, and balancing his bank-book. Such was Schmidt, and his nickel-in-the-slot existence!

He received my first advances with a cow-like suspicion and reserve. He would loudly ring my money,

and even bite my quarters, while the rest of his customers were spared such mortifying ordeals. That anyone should take the faintest interest in him filled him with vague alarm. I could see him counting the pigs' feet and looking for gaps in the little cheeses. He always shook the till as I went out. But I persevered, on the principle of the drop of water wearing away the stone, and in time Schmidt relented, and called me to his bosom. Nothing

Once when I was ill he came to see me in my dreary rooms, rocked in my rocking-chair, told me that he had taken eight dollars and forty-four cents, that lard was up, that chicken had declined two cents, that good eggs were scarce, and then went on, with more finesse than I should have given him credit for, to skirt the subject of a small loan. I did not want his loan, but his clumsy kindness and goodwill appealed to me not

a little. I tried with a new-born enthusiasm to draw him out, but, as usual, there was nothing to draw. The abstract had never touched Schmidt on any part of his stout surface. Religion to him ended with the minister's salary; love turned more on the price of flats than on affinity; the eternal verities only came home to him in a dollar-bill form.

Yet he was not mean nor miserly nor mercenary. It was more a hopeless literalness. The only part of the universe he could understand was the exchange of commodities for coin. The idea of friendship worried him by its profitlessness. It made him feel that he was drifting on wild waters. I could see his triumphant relief when he found that, through me, he could buy my books at the trade price. Here was dry land at last. Here was the dollar-bill. They were mostly essays in criticism—Walter Pater, John Addington Symonds, and that kind of thing. I was too poor to present them to him myself, and begged him earnestly to refrain from buying them. He would not even take my advice to begin with one as a sample. He recklessly purchased the whole seven-less author's discount. Having committed this fatal deed, I thought it would comfort him to know the possibilities that lay in first editions. I had to save my self-respect somehow, and this seemed the likeliest way. He was immensely impressed, and put them by to appreciate in value. I warned him against cutting the pages, and thus impairing the desired result. He promised that he

would do nothing so foolhardy, and I had opportunities later of seeing how faithfully he kept his word. They were still uncut—and still appreciating!

One afternoon as I was buying a slice of Virginia smoked ham, Schmidt indicated a retiring customer with the tip of his knife. She was a pale girl of rather lady-like appearance with candy-coloured hair.

"Did you see her?" he asked.

"Why, yes, I saw her," I answered.

(Continued overleaf.)



The minister contrasted to advantage with sleek and fashionable divines.

particularly happened after he did so, for he was empty as a drum, and childishly self-centred in his business. He would tell me how he took nine dollars yesterday, as against seven dollars and eighty-five cents the day before, and inveigh warmly against the "truss" (trusts) that were steadily advancing the price of pork. In fact, having won my point, my interest in Schmidt rapidly declined, and his friendship even took on some of the aspects of a burden.



# THE FIRST LONDON POLLS: WALWORTH AND NEWINGTON.

SKETCHES BY W. RUSSELL FLINT; PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPICAL PRESS.



ANNOUNCING THE LABOUR GAIN IN WALWORTH: SCENES AT THE WALWORTH AND NEWINGTON POLLING STATIONS, AND MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S VICTORY ANNOUNCED TO LONDON.

In Walworth, Mr. C. J. O'Donnell, a distinguished Indian Civil servant, stood in the Labour interest, and defeated Sir James Bailey, the Conservative sitting member, by 769 votes. In Newington, Captain Norton, the Liberal, came in with a majority of 2021.



"That's Ella," he said. "Ella Einfürer—parents dead—works in a photographer's as a retoucher—gets nine dollars a week."

I tried to look interested in the young lady. "I'm going to marry Ella!" he said confidentially. "Yes, that's right, and it's all settled. Sorter grew up here in the store, when we had a fight over a lost cream-bottle. Refined, ain't she? Real sensible-looking and pretty. Don't wear all she earns on her back, and keeps her eyes straight ahead of her!"

I proffered my congratulations. Schmidt listened in dreamy silence. "I don't know how it all happened," he said. "Somehow it got fixed up in no time. I paid sixty-five for the ring, and would have gone a hundred; but she said 'No, Carl, put it in the bank!' That's the kind of girl Ella is—easy satisfied and careful."

The wedding took place not long after. At the promptings of romance Schmidt would have it in the store itself. Here was where they first met, he said; and he saw nothing grotesque in the juxtaposition of love and sausage. My natural outburst of laughter at the idea gave way to a sort of admiration. There was even a rude poetry in such a conception, a noble simplicity. Why should he be ashamed of the scene of his humble labours? The store was his home, his life, his all. For sixteen years he had stood behind that counter, waiting—waiting for Ella. He explained this to me with his eyes shining. The thought seemed to stir him inexpressibly. After all these years fate had crossed his threshold, and had asked him with dove's eyes for five cents' worth of milk. It had hallowed milk. It had hallowed everything. That nickel had bridged two human souls, who, through the wide, wide world, had been seeking each other out. Of course, Schmidt didn't say it like this—but that was what he meant. It was a great consolation to him that I could understand. He was artlessly astonished at my comprehension. He had been less successful, I gathered, with Mrs. Jackson and his landlady, and with his timid Ella. The female mind is always conventional.

It was nine o'clock in the evening when we assembled there—Ella, Schmidt, Mrs. Jackson, the German Lutheran minister, and myself. A few flowers and creepers lent a festive air to the occasion. On the counter was a tray with bridal cake and sweet wine. An anxious hilarity reigned. There was a far-away smell of burned feathers, mingled with scent and appetising sub-currents of Frankfurter. Schmidt, stiff and uncomfortable in his best clothes, was a beaming picture of goodwill, and received with deprecatory smiles those broad innuendoes that have done service for fifty centuries. Ella, pale, pretty, and demure, exerted herself to keep the ball of conversation rolling. Yes, she had often heard about me from Carl. Carl was very proud of my acquaintance. Wasn't it remarkable that both her grandfather and Carl's had come from Dantzic? Had I ever seen Dantzic? No? Neither had she, but it was said to be a very fine city! Mrs. Jackson must tell her what Carl liked to eat. It would be dreadful if she gave Carl the wrong things! Suppose Carl should say: "I am tired of being married and want to go back to Mrs. Jackson's!" She told the minister that she also was a Lutheran. She went to Dr. Staffel's church in Irving Place. Wasn't Dr. Staffel a wonderful man? You could go into Dr. Staffel's church feeling as good as gold, but you always came out knowing that you were a sinner!

The minister, a kind, dignified, thread-bare old man, with benignant hair and shoes an inch thick, made a very good appearance in our midst, and contrasted, I thought, to advantage with the sleek and fashionable divines who tie up the higher classes of society. He put a lot of ginger in the service; and afterwards, as he sank on his knees, his prayer was beautiful and affecting. I had gone there in a spirit of amiable condescension, but I put it by me with almost a twinge of shame as I listened to the old fellow, and realised his transparent goodness and sincerity. Kneeling there in the stuffy little store, with his grey head bowed, and sublimely unconscious of the cheeses, the sausages, the serried hams, he invoked, in a rich German accent, God's blessing on every one of us, name by name, and (if I may say it without disrespect) hitched all our little wagons to the stars.

Then congratulations were in order. Also sweet wine and cake. Schmidt was stunned at the ease of the whole performance. "Like falling off a log," he said in helpless wonder. "Like falling off a log!" He gazed sheepishly at Ella, and reminded her of the introductory milk. "I stood there," he said, indicating the place with the particularity of a witness at a murder trial. "I stood there, and here was you, Ella!" He waited for her to confirm the extraordinary fact. "Ach, Gott, and all the time you were my wife, though I knew it not!" We left them on Mrs. Jackson's doorstep, and the old minister and I continued part of our way together. . . . A beautiful old man. . . . You felt that he knew God personally. . . . I wrote down the address of his little church on a cigarette-paper. Afterwards I smoked it inadvertently. Well, no matter! The memory of him lives with me untarnished after all these years. We parted at a corner with mutual professions of friendship, and he walked out of my life on his inch-thick shoes.

Schmidt and Ella did not remain long at Mrs. Jackson's. He bought a two-storey cottage on Two Hundred-and-Eighty-Fourth Street, and the Elevated, he told me, could take him out in forty minutes. An afternoon's agony in a department-store had sufficed to furnish him from top to bottom. "Real elegant," he said. "Not a thing in the house that ain't bran-new!" He indicated that he was very happy. "This getting married is a great idea," he remarked. "A man that ain't married don't know what he's missing. Ella and me often says that if it's a boy we'll see he don't wait as long as I did!" I asked him . . . ? He smiled a portentous smile. "Bet your life," he said.

It was a boy, sure enough. Schmidt was again helpless with astonishment. "Like falling off a log," he said, making a renewed use of his married metaphor.

But it was a great idea just the same. This having a child of your own is a great idea now, ain't it? He laid his huge hands on the counter and mutely approved of the universe. It weighed ten pounds. It was a bouncing baby, and you could hear it roar for blocks. "No cheap skate of a Dutchman," said Schmidt, casting a humorous aspersions on his own naturalised status, "but a native-born citizen of the United States!"

"That puts him in line for the Presidency," I said. Schmidt's laughter was a little perfunctory. Perhaps he had been already turning over the thought in his mind. Why should not so phenomenal a child accomplish anything?

"That boy shall have the best education that money can buy," he said gravely. "I see now why I worked and worked, and put by my money so careful in the bank. Them nickels and dimes were building up my son's college course. Knowledge is power, and he shall have all he can hold."

The implication was that Schmidt junior was going to hold an amazing quantity.

"That child's a wonder," said Schmidt. "I do not say it because I'm his father. But if I was a perfect stranger to him, I'd say it just the same: that child's a wonder!"

He was certainly a wonder in one respect. He seemed to grow faster than any baby I was ever connected with. In my own busy and engrossing life I would completely forget his diminutive existence. On my haphazard visits to the delicatessen store I was always prepared to take up Schmidt junior where I had left him off; but he took advantage of these intervals to shoot up in the dark, so to speak. I had no sooner realised the fact of his being a ten-pounder than he had jumped a whole year and was teething. After this was borne in on me, he took a second skip and landed amongst the two-year-olds. He could say "Da-da" now, and would run and fetch his father's carpet slippers on the latter's return in the evening. Then he became three, in what seemed the twinkling of an eye.

This was about the time that will probably descend to history as the Great Bicycle Era. We were all bicycle-mad. We were under the impression (since given up) that bicycling was a profitable, easy, and delightful pastime. People went through Maine on bicycles, went through the Holy Land, even crossed the Continent. Sensational ladies rode gold bicycles in Central Park. The poor and lowly bought bicycles on the instalment plan. The thrifty and dishonest stole them off your front stoop. In the general bicycle convulsion behold me also keeping up with the procession, and treading that heart-destroying measure. Not that I crossed any continents or assailed any Alps. I poked about the outskirts of New York with an enjoyment now extraordinary to look back upon. Is there anything so dead as a dead fad? Can this be me, I see, this purple-faced individual, with sun-burned and scaling legs, panting out his life on the dusty hills? What tempted you to risk your being in such arduous joys? What toil and sweat you purchased with your hundred dollars! What aches down the middle of your back, what saddle-weary thighs, what stupors of fatigue! And you used to think you loved it!

This digression brings us, if you please, to Two Hundred and Eighty-Fourth Street. It was late in the afternoon of a summer's day—a Sunday. I can see you dejectedly trundling your bicycle along a suburban road. The rear tyre was punctured. One of those mean, invisible punctures that no amount of moisture, rubbed on with a dirty thumb, could disclose bubbling to your eager eye. You needed a tub of water for that kind of puncture—and tubs of water there were none. You were miserable and tired and dirty and disheartened. You were suddenly reminded that Schmidt lived somewhere hereabouts. Two Hundred and Eighty-Fourth Street? Why, that was the very road you were on. You had read it two minutes before on a blue notice. And that bald, two-storey cottage in yonder isolation of eligible real estate, with its jig-saw ornamentation and its front door framed in little squares of red and yellow glass? The voice of hope within you piped up and said "Schmidt"—and the voice of hope for once, thank Heaven, was right.

With what welcome I was received! Schmidt led me into an excruciating parlour and loved me. Ella appeared—pale Ella, with her candy-coloured hair and shy company manners. A pale child peeped in at the door—the child—Schmidt junior—in a blue dimity frock and lace collar. He was with difficulty prevailed upon to enter and hold out his little hand. I said the appropriate things. I said that he was the image of his father, though there was something in his face that reminded me strongly of his mother. I sat him on my knee and pinched his little thin leg. Schmidt beamed on us both, and said it was a great idea, now, wasn't it, this having a child of your own? He leaned over and pretended to box with his son and heir. The son and heir solemnly boxed back. Ella pressed the family photograph-album on my attention. The atmosphere of a happy home enveloped me like a blanket.

The ugliness of everything in that house was enough to make one's aesthetic gooseflesh creep—the clash of raw colours, the staring chromoes, the all-pervading plush and gilt and varnish, the machine-made ornateness that disfigured the humblest article of domestic use, the intolerable cheap pretentiousness and gimcrack splendour that met your eyes whichever way you looked. The general spick-and-spanness even intensified one's first feelings of resentful disgust. It seemed an added insult to good taste that such enormities should be so carefully dusted and rubbed and taken care of. They were the family-gods, these pitiful Penates of the department-store, and you were reminded of the heathen in his blindness bowing down to wood and stone—venerated wood and imitation stone at that!

"Pretty, nice little home now, ain't it?" said Schmidt, "and mighty nicely fixed up I call it. Ella did it all in one afternoon at Milo Miller's!"

I was becomingly impressed.

"When I think of Mrs. Jackson's," he went on, "and them dark and lonely old rooms on the Avenue, I can hardly believe this is all true, or that it's me at all who's sitting here so cosy and comfortable."

"The touch of a woman's hand—" I began. "That's right," he said heartily. "A woman knows how to make a home. A woman knows how to put an Eye-talian scarf here, or a fancy lamp there, like no man would ever think of doing!"

As he spoke he looked so fondly at Ella coming in with a tray of sweet wine and biscuits; so tenderly at the pale child in the corner playing with his little bricks. His honest heart was full. "Say," he said, leaning forward and leaning a heavy hand on mine, "you order try it for yourself. It's a great idea, and you can take it from me straight. Yes, a great idea, this having a wife and child and a little home!"

Afterwards, as we walked to the station together (the bicycle meanwhile remaining in his woodshed) he continued the artless tale of his happiness. "Never had a bit of trouble with Ella. Me and the boy—that's all she ever thinks about, and how to make us comfortable and contented! Saving, too, and economical to beat the band. Nothing stingy or that—but no waste. Another dollar for his college course, she says, as she comes out ahead on the week's housekeeping. Another dollar to help make him the great man he's going to be!"

I went back to town, feeling that, after all, you don't need good taste to be happy. You can sit in the midst of a screaming green Milo Miller suite, with curly gold legs, and cherish the domestic virtues as well (and in many cases better) than those on the highest planes of culture. I could see, in imagination, my friend Schmidt arriving in the evening after his long day's work; see the pale child running forth with Da-da's carpet slippers; see the pale wife kiss her man and hold his hand as they exchange their small-beer conversation. Of course, it was all as dull as ditchwater. A week of it would have made me a suicide. But Schmidt liked it, Ella liked it, the pale child liked it. They didn't know any better—or was it, perhaps, that I knew too much? I gave all three my unspoken blessing. The Schmidts, and the Schmidt "ideas," are the pillars on which the Republic is founded. A sufficiency of Schmidts ensures a nation's greatness; too few Schmidts spell ruin and decay.

I was called away to Europe about this time, and the few months of my original intention easily spun themselves beyond a year. I had become a prosperous man now, and there was even a mild rivalry amongst publishers to secure my forthcoming books. This left me very free to suit my own inclination, which was slow in suggesting a return to New York. But at last I booked my passage and came back. I reported myself at my club, looked up a few of my friends, and finally dropped in to see Schmidt.

He received me with less cordiality than I had expected. An unaccountable change had taken place in the man. Outwardly, he was still the same stout, fair, placid Schmidt of old, but his greeting was awkward; he kept looking at me in a strange way; there was an evident constraint that increased rather than diminished as we continued to talk. Suddenly, and with an abruptness almost startling, he interrupted me in the middle of a sentence and asked me to come into the back shop. He made me sit down on the only chair while he drew out a kerosene case for himself.

"They are dead," he said quite simply. "The wife—the little child—both are dead."

He raised his hand to forestall the expression of my sympathy.

"Let me tell you," he said, in the colourless voice of extreme emotion. "Mein Gott, yes, let me tell you. . . . The kid, he went first. He was sick a long time. The doctor was a very good man. He was named Simpson. He told me to take Ella away—far away. But Ella she wouldn't go. No, nothing could make her go. It was the child, you see—leaving the child—like it mattered to him anywhere we was, he in his little grave. I guess losing him just broke her heart. Then she died too. I locked up the place and came back here. But it was very hard to go on living. It was terrible. Often I would forget and start off for the Elevated like I used to do. Sometimes I'd be half up the stairs before I'd remember. Ach, Gott, and then I'd turn round and come down again."

"The real-estate man wanted me to rent the house or sell it, but I said no. It seemed awful to me to think of the house at all. It was there they had died—both of them had died. It became a kind of nightmare to me, that house. It would come over me that it was still standing there, so empty, so silent, with everything just like it had been left. Have you ever had an idea take hold of you like that? I was afraid I might die, and then people would want to live there. Then I did a queer thing. Perhaps it was a crazy thing. Anyway, I did, and I'm glad I did it. I went out there late one night. I built up the basement with wood and kindling and coal-oil. Yes, that's what I did—though it was worth eighteen hundred dollars and full of elegant furniture. Set it afire, and watched it go up in smoke. Perhaps you can understand—yes, you can understand—but everybody else said I was crazy. I dropped in to tell the insurance-man I had burned it down on purpose. 'But why?' says he, and edged away from me. I had slept out all night on the bare ground, and I guess I was a sight. What's money, anyway? It was worth eighteen hundred dollars to me—it was worth eighteen thousand. It sorter finished off the whole business the right way. As I saw it flaming up in the sky, I kep' saying: 'Good-bye, little Carl; good-bye, Ella, old girl; good-bye everything that I loved and cared for!'"

He stopped and looked up at the ceiling. A woman had come into the store, and she began to rap with a quarter on the counter. Schmidt rose slowly and went out to serve her. I heard him saying: "Yes, Miss—fresh in to-day, Miss—thirty-two cents a pound, Miss."

He was making change as I slipped out quietly by the back door.

THE END.



# THE SIRENS OF THE CANVASS: THE CANDIDATES' BEST ALLIES.

DRAWN BY OSCAR WILSON.



AN IMPRESSIONABLE VOTER.

In no former Election have women played so prominent and effective a part as in the present. Even the platform is theirs now, but their greatest strength still lies in the persuasive methods of the canvass.



## AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S.

BY ANDREW LANG.

AUTHORS are not, perhaps, really more unfortunate than members of other professions, such as stock-brokers, solicitors, dentists, and engineers. Indeed, on the whole, when one contemplates the records of the Courts of Bankruptcy, and of Probate and Divorce, authors do not appear to find their way into these dingy purlieus more frequently than other people. You never hear of authors misappropriating Trust funds (to put it mildly), or fattening on the spoils of the widow and the orphan, or madly speculating with moneys entrusted to them for investment by their publishers.

Yet people write books on "The Misfortunes of Authors," while one never sees a work on "The Sorrows of Stockbrokers" or "The Disasters of Dentists." The obvious reason is, not that men of letters are marked for her own by Melancholy, but that when they are hit, they cry out. "Did I groan loud or did I groan low?" Mr. Squeers once asked, if I am not mistaken; for I decline to verify the reference by hunting all through "Nicholas Nickleby." Authors do not groan low; they groan loud.

In the *Author* for January one hears a number of groans over grievances. Business is slack because "the book-buying public has been narrowed to those comparatively few persons who do not care much what the contents of a book may be, but can be herded together, and forced to accept any book that others are discussing and buying." Probably the number of persons who can thus be "driven" and "rounded up" is small: we had to do a great deal of "driving" before we could catch a dozen Boers. One thinks of the generals of the army of Authors sending out paragraphs, and puffs preliminary, and photographs, and interviewers, to drive the public into a corner and compel them to surrender and ransom themselves by purchasing a book. But the public slip through the *tinchel*, as De Wet used to do, and very few pay up. Meanwhile the candid writer accuses his brethren of choosing the wrong sort of names for their books, as in the cases of "The World's Desire" and "The World's Desires." In the former case I am one of the sinners, having collaborated in "The World's Desire," mainly to the extent of looking on while Mr. Rider Haggard wrote the romance. But I did not know that somebody else had taken "The World's Desires" as a title: that person seems to sail rather near the wind. Another grievance is that all authors have not different names, and so get mixed up with each other.

Thus there is not one Winston Churchill but two Winston Churchills; not one Robert Bridges, but two Robert Bridges; and there are at least two poets of my own Christian and surname, if not more. There are "T. J. Fraser and Mrs. Fraser"—and J. G. Frazer, one may add; and a lady who wants a novel by T. J. Fraser, and receives "The Golden Bough," may, or may not, regret the confusion. An imbroglia between A. K. Green, author of "The Leavenworth Case," a lady, and the late Mr. J. R. Green, author of "The History of the English People" is not apt to occur.

However, the groaning author suggests that the ordinary system of surnames having broken down, authors should relapse on the savage system and use "totems," by which he means blazons or badges. Mr. Bullen might choose the whale (a common totem on the North-west Pacific coast), and print a whale always, in addition to his name. This Mr. Bullen is probably the novelist; and Mr. Bullen, the editor of Elizabethan Song-Books, will need another totem. Perhaps an author's coat-of-arms would do all that is needed; indeed, ideas of this kind may have induced William Shakspeare, Gent, to apply for his coat-of-arms, so as to distinguish his books from those of other Shaksperes then writing. The totems are to be printed in all advertisements of books, which will give a feudal and romantic air to the publishers' advertisements. They will look like "The Roll of Caerlaverock," and be glorious in or and gules, azure and argent. The State will profit by the rush of authors who are not yet able to write themselves *armiger*, for coats-of-arms cost money; the price is a perquisite of the State.

English appears to be a more poetical language than Latin. This may be inferred from a Latin version, recently republished, of "Home they brought her warrior dead." Literally translated into English prose the lines become: "Dead from the war the soldier is carried into his halls; the bride neither flows to the earth nor groans with her mouth. The girls look on and with one voice sing these words, Ah, let her weep! There is need of tears lest she die." The song cannot be rendered better into Latin elegiacs, yet one sees that the Romans must have been, as indeed they were, a most prosaic people. The song is that in which the schoolboy made the noted error in the line—

Rose a nurse of ninety years,

of punctuating it—

Rose, a nurse of ninety years,

and translating as if Rose were the Christian name of the aged and attached domestic. Even better was the rendering of

Many a swarthy face was there and stern,

in a poem on an Œcumenical Council—

Multe illic nigre facies, nigrantia terga.

where the adjective "stern" was mistaken for the substantive.

But an undergraduate lately broke these records. The lecturer on philosophy talked much, as philosophers will be doing, of "the Ego," which he pronounced "Ego." The student's note-books revealed that he always wrote down "the Eagle," for "the Ego," without any curiosity as to what the fowl had to do *dans cette galère*. So have I known a Scottish youth, when his professor told him to make an "exegesis" of something, head his essay *Ecce Jesus*, from a false memory of the picture, "Ecce Homo."

## CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

IVAN FUEL MOLTKEHAUSEN (Lausdooe, Penn., U.S.A.)—Your notation is not quite correctly expressed, and it would be as well if you mastered the proper method. We have, however, followed your intentions, but the solution is not right. Try again; one only succeeds at this game by frequent failures.

ROBIN H. LIGGE (Chelsea).—Thanks for your kind wishes. We hope to find your problem as good as yours usually are.

PHILIP H. WILLIAMS (Hampstead).—We are very much obliged.

A. W. Y. (Edinburgh).—In your problem if Black play 1 K to K 4th there is a dual continuation by 2. Kt to Q 3rd (ch), etc.

F. FOLWELL (Stockport).—Thanks for problem. We do not object in this case to a capturing key-move, as it involves sacrifice and apparent improbability.

J. DALLEN PAUL.—What is the use of the White Queen? A black Pawn at Knight's 7th seems to be sufficient.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS No. 3211 and 3212 received from Nripendranath Maitra, B.A. (Calcutta); of No. 3213 from H. O. R. Muttukistna (Puttalam, Ceylon), and Nripendranath Maitra, B.A. (Calcutta); of No. 3214 from R. D. Karve (Bombay), M. Shaida Ali Khan (Peshkar, India), and H. O. R. Muttukistna (Ceylon); of No. 3217 from F. B. Smith (Rochdale), E. W. Thomas (Dolgelly), Miles Taylor (Dunstable), E. G. Rodway (Trowbridge), A. W. Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), C. W. Porter (Hertford), and G. W. Rawlins (Rainhill); of No. 3218 from C. E. Perugini, Jos. Albinson (Macclesfield), A. W. Young (Edinburgh), Robert Bee (Colsterworth), C. W. Porter (Hertford), Sconic, Laura Greaves (Shelton), E. G. Rodway (Trowbridge), H. S. Brandreth (Naples), F. B. Smith (Rochdale), E. W. Thomas (Dolgelly), and Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3210 received from G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford), E. Lawrence (Cheltenham), J. Hopkinson (Derby), Sconic, Thomas Charlton (Clapham Park), J. I. I. (Frompton), F. Thompson (Liverpool), Hereward, J. A. Corstorphin-Wilson (Hanwell), E. J. Winter-Wood, Laura Greaves (Shelton), F. Henderson (Leeds), R. Worters (Canterbury), J. A. S. Hanbury (Birmingham), and E. G. Rodway (Trowbridge).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF HOLIDAY PROBLEMS received from Laura Greaves (Shelton), E. W. Thomas (Dolgelly), Sorrento, D. Newton (Lisbon), M. G. D. F. Folwell (Stockport), C. W. Porter (Hertford), F. R. Pickering (Forest Hill), Sconic, F. Henderson (Leeds), A. W. Young (Edinburgh), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford), E. Ratcliffe (Clifton), H. S. Brandreth (Naples), Hubert A. Way (Southsea), A. G. Bagot (Dublin), Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), E. J. Winter-Wood, E. A. Wright (Wandsworth), E. G. Rodway (Trowbridge), J. Hopkinson (Derby), J. C. Cross (Nottingham), and R. Worters (Canterbury).

SOLUTIONS OF HOLIDAY PROBLEMS—No. 1, B to K 5th; No. 2, Q to Kt 7th; No. 3, Q to Kt 8th; No. 4, Q to Kt 8th; No. 5, R to Kt sq; No. 6, Kt to Kt 6th.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3218.—By GODFREY HEATHCOTE.

WHITE.

1. B to B 4th
2. Q to Q 3rd (ch)
3. B takes P, mate.

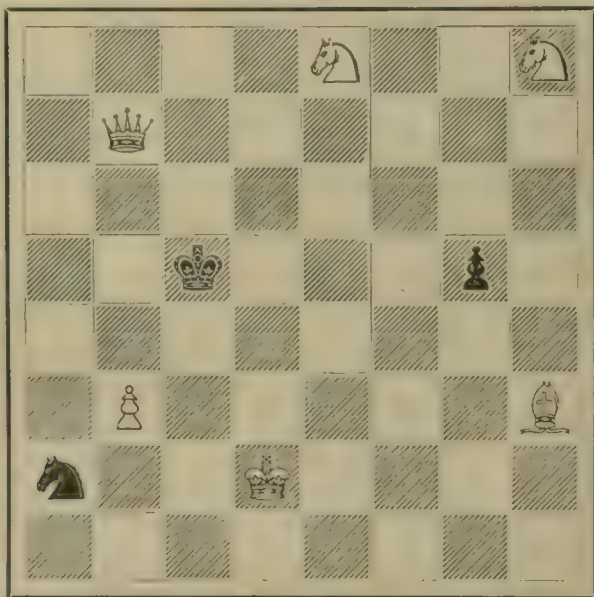
BLACK.

- P to K 6th
- K to B 4th

If Black play 1. P to K 4th, 2. Q to Kt 3rd (ch); if 1. Any other, 2. B to K 3rd, etc.

PROBLEM No. 3221.—By E. J. WINTER WOOD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the Manhattan Chess Club between Messrs. ROETHING and JOHNER.

(Staunton's Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)	WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	22. R to Q 4th	P to Kt 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	23. P to B 4th	Q to Kt 3rd
3. P to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	24. Q to Q B 3rd	P to B 6th
P to B 4th constitutes Poniziani's counter-attack.		25. P to Kt 3rd	Q to B 4th
4. P to Q 4th	Kt takes K P	All Black's moves at this period are clever and very forcible. The game is now practically won.	
5. P to Q 5th	Kt to Kt sq	26. P to K Kt 4th	Q to Kt 3rd
6. B to Q 3rd	Kt to B 4th	27. Q R to K 4th	K to K sq
7. Kt takes P	Kt takes B (ch)	28. P to K R 3rd	R to R 2nd
8. Kt takes Kt	B to K 2nd	29. K to R 2nd	Q to B 3rd
9. Castles	Castles	30. K R to K 3rd	R to K Kt sq
There is not much to choose between the disposition of forces on either side, and the field is nicely open for further manoeuvres.		31. P to Kt 4th	P to K R 4th
10. Kt to Q 2nd	P to Q 3rd	32. Q to B 2nd	K to R sq
11. Q to B 3rd	Kt to Q 2nd	33. Q to B 3rd	P takes P
12. R to K sq	B to B 3rd	34. R takes Kt	P takes R
13. Kt to K 4th	B to K 4th	35. R takes P	
14. B to B 4th	B takes B	There is no advantage in Q takes P, White's position being so inferior for the ending.	
15. Kt takes B	Kt to K 4th	35. Q to Q 4th	R takes P
Occupying a valuable place, not only of first importance for defence, but of constant menace to the opposition.		36. Q to K 4th	P to Kt 3rd
16. Q to Kt 3rd	P to K R 3rd	37. K to R sq	K to Kt sq
17. Q R to Q sq	P to K B 4th	38. Q to K 4th	P to Kt 5th
18. Kt to B 5th	Q to B 3rd	39. Kt to Q 8th	K R to Kt 2nd
19. Kt (B5) to K 6th	B takes Kt	40. R to K 8th (ch)	K to R 2nd
20. Kt takes B		41. Kt to K 6th	
Here, on the other hand, is a Knight strongly entrenched in the very middle of the enemy's camp, and yet most curiously ineffective for the rest of the game.		Losing straight off, but there was little else available. Kt takes P is worthless.	
20. P to B 5th	P to B 2nd	41. K to R 2nd	Q to R 8th (ch)
21. Q to R 3rd	R to B 2nd	42. P takes P	P to Kt 6th (ch)
			Q to Kt 7th (ch)

White resigns.

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## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

OUR MONTHLY SURVEY.

A SUBJECT of national importance—that of the sanatorium-treatment of consumption—has been very fully discussed in a recent number of the *Lancet*. The editor of that journal invited the opinions of Sir Douglas Powell, Sir W. Broadbent, Dr. Kingston Fowler, Dr. Theodore Williams, and of other physicians regarding the success which has attended the treatment in question. Sundry other points were mooted, but the main topic resolved itself into the question of the value of the sanatorium, not only in the case of the well-to-do, but also in that of the working-classes. The general tenor of the replies is in favour of this mode of treating consumption. Sir D. Powell says that he entertains no doubt whatever of the value of treatment on sanatorium lines, though, of course, the treatment "need not necessarily be carried out in sanatoriums." Sir W. Broadbent expresses a similar opinion. There is another and important view taken by more than one contributor to the discussion—namely, that the treatment must be carried out in proper fashion. The value of the symposium, it seems to me, consists in its effecting a decisive settlement of the controversy which, for some time, has been conducted regarding the results with which the open-air cure of consumption was, and is, to be credited.

There are diverse opinions entertained in medical circles regarding the exact details of sanatorium life. The erection of costly buildings, for example, capable each of accommodating a relatively small number of patients, has been severely criticised in some quarters. It is held that the same results in the way of cure can be obtained by the erection of simpler buildings, the cost of which is very small compared with that of the palatial sanatoria. Much of the money spent on the latter would, in the case of the smaller and simpler erections, be liberated to provide accommodation for an increased number of patients. There is much reason in this contention. The cure of consumption can be carried out very simply indeed on the recognised lines, and without any needless luxury. Specially should this view of things commend itself to those who are interested in the erection of sanatoria which shall be available for the cure of cases occurring among the masses. The solution of the pecuniary difficulty here, I think, would be found in the idea of spending less money on individual sanatoria of palatial nature, and distributing it over a wider field in the erection of simpler institutions. I once heard a doctor remark that you could treat a consumptive patient perfectly well in a garden summer-house. The idea thus expressed may be commended to the attention of those who are interested in the great subject of the cure of the sick among the working-classes.

The photograph of a new Dinosaur, whose skeleton is set up in the United States National Museum, reveals certain interesting peculiarities which stand out in prominence when a comparison is made between it and other members of this remarkable family of extinct reptiles. Many of these huge reptiles possessed shortened fore-limbs, and must have been practically bipeds in so far as their mode of progression was concerned. The new Dinosaur, on the other hand, belongs to the quadrupedal side of the family. The prominent feature of the animal is the immense size of the skull: The total length of the body is about 20 feet, and of this length the skull makes up about a third. Part of the head length is contributed to by a great bony collar about 2½ feet long and 3 feet in breadth. This ruff, so to speak, extends as far back as the sixth bone of the neck, and it is described as being provided with pointed heavy projections along its sides. The head bears two horns, and the creature carried, like a rhinoceros, a horn on its nose. Probably, the body itself possessed an armature of bony plates and defensive spines. The description of this reptilian giant—not by any means so large as many of its compeers—may serve to stimulate an increasing interest in the life of past ages, a subject fittingly illustrated in the Natural History Museum of London.

It is curious to note how a myth or idea which is founded on an error in the interpretation of a scientific fact may possess a vitality of literally startling character. During the Christmas recess I happened to read a story of the "detective" order, including among its details a murder, and the usual apprehension of an innocent person. The latter's innocence was described as having been proved by the action of a police inspector, who was an expert in photography. He photographed the eye of the murdered person, and produced in court an enlargement of the retina with the image of the murderer thereon fixed. I need hardly say that such a process as photographing the eye of a murdered man under the idea that it would retain the criminal's image is one utterly discredited by science. There is a record in books on physiology of certain experiments made on the eye of the recently killed rabbit with the view of demonstrating the persistence of sight-impressions in relation to the development of the "purple" pigment of the eye, but such investigations have to be carried out with exactitude and care, and under conditions which in no wise agree with those represented by the novelist's ideas. The changes in the eye which death brings about, would alone suffice to put out of court all notions that the retina could retain and fix an image in the manner described.

I observe that the problem of the physical deterioration of the race still presents an abiding interest for all classes and grades of thinkers. One view which has recently been argued is that in respect of the declining population, at least, this phase of things will ultimately result in a real improvement of the race. I suppose this opinion is founded on the principle of the survival of the fittest. It holds, amongst other things, that if there is a limitation of national fertility, the units who are born must benefit by the greater attention which will be paid to their upbringing. It is, at least, comforting to find an optimistic opinion amid the general chorus of pessimistic views.

ANDREW WILSON.



## YORK RETURNS A LIBERAL AND A CONSERVATIVE.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY ERNEST FORBES, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT YORK.



1. A Crowded Thoroughfare in York during the Poll.  
3. Declaring the Result.

4. A Canine Canvasser.

2. Mr. Hamar Greenwood, the Successful Liberal Candidate, Addressing the Crowd.  
5. Mr. G. H. Faber, the Successful Unionist Candidate, Thanking his Constituents.



# THE EXTRAORDINARY TURN OF THE TIDE AT MANCHESTER: MR. BALFOUR'S DEFEAT AND MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S VICTORY.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, SPECIAL ARTIST AT MANCHESTER.



1. MR. BALFOUR AND HIS SUPPORTERS AT THE TOWN HALL DURING THE COUNTING OF THE VOTES.

2. THE RESULTS ANNOUNCED ON THE SCREEN IN FRONT OF THE TOWN HALL.

3. THE LORD MAYOR ANNOUNCING THE RESULTS TO THE CROWD IN ALBERT SQUARE.

4. MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL AT THE REFORM CLUB AFTER HIS ELECTION.

Liberals certainly had hopes of some substantial gain in Manchester, but they scarcely expected to sweep the whole of the constituencies, six in all, for the City, and, in addition, the three seats for Salford. Mr. Balfour was beaten in the East Division by Mr. T. G. Horridge, who had a majority of 1980. Mr. Winston Churchill came in for the North-West Division by a majority of 1241.



# MEMORIES OF THE MUTINY, AND THE PRINCESS'S CHRISTMAS TREE IN INDIA.

SKETCHES (FACSIMILE) BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.



Princess. Prince.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S CHRISTMAS TREE TO INDIAN CHILDREN  
AT GWALIOR.

Under the shadow of the ruined Residency, which remains just as it was when Lucknow was relieved, the Prince inspected a small company of survivors, British and Indian, of those whom Lawrence and Havelock commanded during the famous resistance. Just behind the veterans is the Mutiny monument, and further to the right are the shattered walls of the Residency. The veteran in the immediate foreground was one of Hodson's Horse. One of the veterans was blind. At Gwalior the Princess of Wales gave a Christmas tree to Indian children. All the Western customs were observed. Father Christmas appeared, and the little Orientals enjoyed themselves thoroughly. The Prince came in and romped with them. The children, in accordance with Indian etiquette, were barefooted.



THE PRINCE INSPECTING THE MUTINY VETERANS IN THE GROUNDS  
OF THE OLD RESIDENCY AT LUCKNOW.



# THE PRINCE OF WALES TIGER-SHOOTING IN INDIA.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.



The Maharajah of Gwalior.

The Prince of Wales.

Sir Pertab Singh.

## A SUPERB KILL: MEASURING THE TIGER.

The Prince of Wales has taken part in several tiger-hunts, and has had the good fortune to bring down two very fine animals. Part of the ritual of the chase is the careful measurement of the dead tiger.



# THE NEWS OF MR. BALFOUR'S DEFEAT ANNOUNCED AT THE NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB.

DRAWN BY FLEMING WILLIAMS.

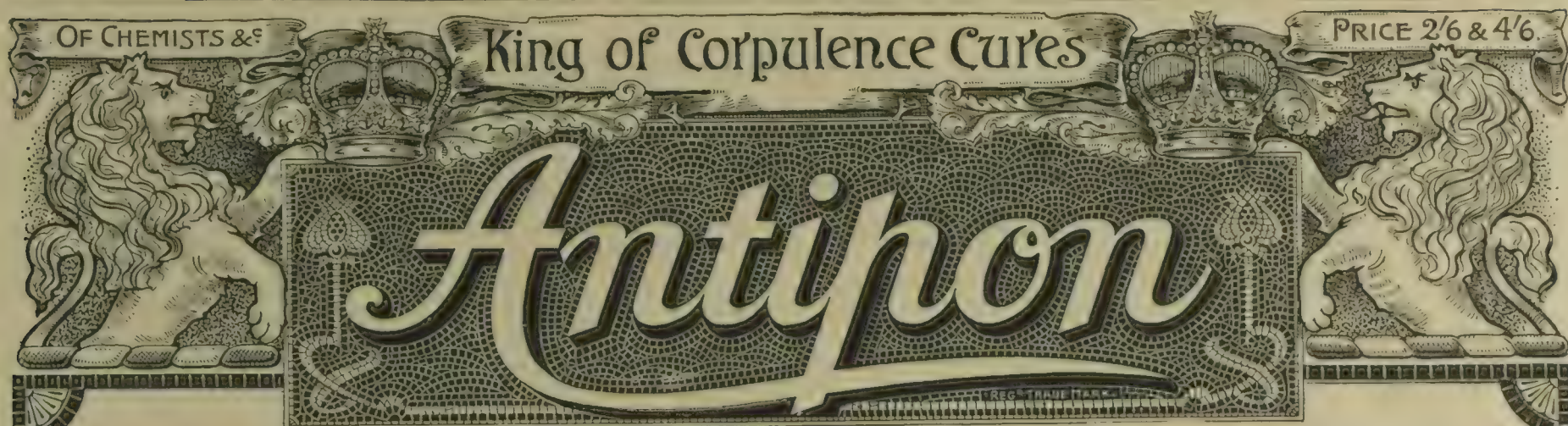


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, JAN. 20, 1906.—33

THE SCENE AT THE CENTRE OF LONDON LIBERALISM AFTER THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF MR. BALFOUR'S DEFEAT AT MANCHESTER.

During the election, the National Liberal Club is always a storm-centre of excitement, but it is certain that it has never seen wilder enthusiasm than it did on the night of January 13, when the news came of the defeat of the ex-Prime Minister at Manchester.





## "Away with that Intolerable Burden."

**A BEAUTIFULLY SIMPLE TREATMENT.**—It was reserved for the twentieth century to give to the world the most perfect treatment ever discovered for the permanent cure of obesity. Simple, easy, harmless, pleasant, yet an absolutely reliable treatment, which can be followed in the strictest privacy without any second person being aware that a special course of cure is being followed. The Antipon treatment is now famous throughout the civilised world, and has met with unparalleled success because it does all that is claimed for it in a perfectly simple and pleasant way.

**THE OLD-TIME METHODS** of combating the affliction of excessive stoutness were too often more dangerous than the disease they were supposed to cure. They mostly added mineral drugging to a system of semi-starvation, and, when persisted in, soon exhausted the strength and vitality of the most vigorous patient. On the other hand, when common sense or common prudence prompted a cessation of the racking régime, the fat began to redevelop almost as soon as an ample meal was indulged in!

**TONIC EFFECTS OF ANTIPON.**—These old-time methods are completely reversed by Antipon, the tonic effects of which are no less remarkable than its wonderful fat-reducing properties. It tones up the entire system, braces up the nerves, accelerates functional activity of the various organs, perfects the digestive process, and promotes a healthy, natural appetite that must be satisfied with wholesome food. Food is Antipon's sole ally, and if the subject does not "feed up" during the course of treatment, the beneficial results are lessened.

**ANTIPON'S HELPER—GOOD FOOD.**—None save those who have gone consistently through the treatment can even guess at the truly marvellous strengthening effect of

Antipon, helped by good food. There are no irksome dietary or other restrictions. The patient, using quite ordinary prudence, may satisfy his or her appetite to the full. Blood-enriching, muscle-forming foods do not in the least hamper the fat-reducing powers of Antipon. They simply serve to increase strength while the superabundant fat is being gradually eliminated.

**THE TENDENCY TO FATNESS DESTROYED.**—It is not only the absorption and elimination of the superabundant and partially-diseased fat to which Antipon owes its great success. It is because it destroys the tendency to excessive fat formation. Many men and women of a corpulent habit seem to increase in size however sparse and however specialised their diet may be. With Antipon this is entirely different, and once the body is reduced to normal size there need be no fear of a recurrence of the obese condition. The cure is lasting.

**DANGERS OF OBESITY.**—In cases of excessive fatness masses of fatty matter cling about the muscles of the heart, threatening the worst of dangers. In fact, all the vital organs are more or less hindered in their natural functions. Antipon absorbs and expels all these evil-working deposits, with obvious benefit to the general health. The heart's action is strengthened and the circulation becomes normal. Difficulty in breathing, profuse sweating, vertigo, exhaustion after slight effort—all symptoms of internal disorder resulting from obesity—soon disappear. Even the skin is acted upon, and once more performs its important work in removing impurities through the pores in a natural manner.

**WONDERFUL WEIGHT REDUCTION.**—Antipon sets to work briskly. Within a day and a night of the first

dose there is a reduction of 8 oz. to 3 lb. Much depends on constitutional conditions, but a decrease is assured in any case. Following this "send-off" there is a daily diminution, steady, sure, and satisfactory, until normal weight and symmetry are the welcome results. The doses may then cease, for, as before stated, the tendency to excessive fat-development is eradicated, and the cure is permanent. Needless to say that the few simple directions enjoined must be consistently observed.

**GRATEFUL TESTIMONY.**—At the registered offices of the Antipon Company there are preserved hundreds of letters from grateful men and women in all parts of the world, offering the most conclusive testimony to the marvellous benefits derived from Antipon. These letters may be seen, if any doubt should remain in the reader's mind. It is not only the splendid fat-absorbent properties of Antipon that are the subject of unstinted praise: its effects upon the system are equally praised. Any person who has gone through the course of treatment looks and feels as though youth had returned, with all its zest for work and outdoor recreations. The skin is pure, the complexion rosy with health. The suppleness, the graceful carriage, the ease of movement, the elastic step of youth, are restored almost magically, and with these the buoyancy of spirits and mental energy which over-fatness always tends to minimise.

**PLEASANT AND HARMLESS.**—Antipon is a refreshingly tart liquid, containing nothing of a mineral or otherwise objectionable kind, and being neither laxative nor constipating, never causes the slightest discomfort or inconvenience. Stout persons who have become disheartened through the failure of other methods of weight-reduction, will take heart again after even a day's trial of this truly remarkable remedy.

ANTIPON can be had of Chemists, Stores, etc., price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per bottle, or should any difficulty arise may be obtained (on sending cash remittance) post free, under private package, direct from the Sole Manufacturers—THE ANTIPON COMPANY, 13, BUCKINGHAM STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

Colonial readers of "The Illustrated London News" will be glad to know that Antipon is stocked by Wholesale Druggists in Australasia, South Africa, Canada, India, &c., and may always be obtained by ordering through a local Chemist or Stores.

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So Vivifying after Cricket, Motoring and other Sports.

## "MAKES HOME, SWEET HOME IN DEED."



# BRADFORD DECLARES FOR LIBERALISM AND LABOUR.

SKETCHES BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT BRADFORD.



THE CANDIDATES, AND HUMOURS OF POLLING DAY AT BRADFORD.

In the Central Division of Bradford, Sir G. Scott-Robertson (Liberal) defeated the Hon. Vicary Gibbs (Conservative) by 1340. In the Eastern Division, Mr. W. E. Priestly (Liberal) defeated Sir Vincent Caillard (Conservative) by 1908. In the Western Division, Mr. F. W. Jowett (Labour) defeated the former member, Sir E. Flower (Conservative), by 810.



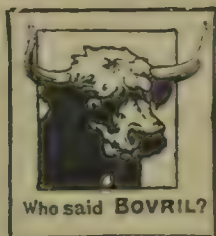


## For Travellers

and those whose journeys may sometimes entail long intervals between meals, a cup of

# Cadbury's Cocoa

will be found most beneficial and refreshing. It is an exceedingly nourishing food-beverage which warms, sustains, and invigorates the system, and affords an ample protection against the rigours and inclemencies of the weather.



"I" said the student;  
It's best to be prudent—

"I" said



# Bovril

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## LADIES' PAGES.

IT is no new thing for "great ladies" to take a very active share in politics. In such a work as the Memoirs of the Earl of Malmesbury who was Mr. Disraeli's Foreign Minister, for instance, one perceives that Lady Palmerston and Lady Derby were in every respect recognised as leaders in their respective parties. Politicians used to consult with them habitually and openly, and they admittedly helped to direct affairs. The Prince Consort, too, complains in one of his letters about the way in which Lord Palmerston would allow his opinions already publicly stated to be affected by Lady Palmerston's counsel. In their own respective neighbourhoods, many, probably most, women of rank and fortune openly ordered their tenants how to give their votes, and thus really controlled elections in the days when voting was not under the shelter of the secret ballot, and when there was a very small number of persons qualified to vote. In this way women of education and property had an indirect but real representation in old times that the progress of democracy has taken away. Now one hears such stories told from platforms as this (which I actually heard a Liberal candidate tell the other night): "A very wealthy and charitable lady, whose servants were very well treated, took a great interest in politics; so she asked her gardener whom he intended to vote for. The gardener tried to evade an answer, but his mistress insisted upon a reply, so at last he said, 'My Lady, can you keep a secret?' Her Ladyship thought she was going to be told what the ballot-box allows the man to keep from her, and she said, very decidedly, 'Oh, yes, Smith.' 'And so can I, my Lady,' said Smith." End of the story, amid loud laughter and applause! Such is the present position of "very wealthy and charitable ladies who take an interest in politics."

Princess Christian, who has done so much for the Royal School of Art Needlework, has had the satisfaction of receiving a magnificent donation for the benefit of that institution. No less a sum than £26,000 has been given to clear off the mortgages that were on the building, and the payments on which hampered it in its work. Apart from the building debt, the school is quite self-supporting; the pupils' fees and the payments received for the exquisite needlework that is executed suffice to meet all liabilities. The lovely needlework and embroidery that is put out at the school is often equal to the finest pieces that have come down to us from past times, and it has been shown that if modern women had ceased to produce work in needlecraft as dainty and artistic as their predecessors left behind them, it was for want of proper encouragement and not for lack of equal ability. Princess Christian has been the mainstay of the school, and has probably written her name on the history of women's work by what has there been achieved under the influence of her Royal Highness's kindness and business ability.



THE GRACEFUL EMPIRE FASHION.

Very artistic is this tea-gown of white pleated chiffon with Empire corsage covered with guipure lace, and embroideries of silver on dark purple velvet for the trimming.

Flowers are as abundant in our British homes this winter as at one time they were only in more favoured Southern lands. This is perhaps one of the least important, yet none the less very delightful ways in which we are better off than were our grandmothers themselves, and incomparably more so than were our ancestresses of more remote periods. The large supply of winter flowers at moderate prices depends on a two-fold source; they reach us both from abroad and home. Our own gardeners, stimulated by foreign competition, have improved in their forcing abilities, and while the garden sleeps under the dull skies and the frost seals the surface of the ground and secures the earth its needful repose, the greenhouse glows with sweetness and beauty which thence distil into our homes. The horticulturist has learned to start his bulbs or his roots in the lowest temperature that they can sustain, and then to bring them into heat and force them into bloom at the moment that the market requires the supply. A favourite Christmas and New Year's gift this season was a basket of growing flowers. Numerous devices are seen in the shape of the baskets, themselves so dainty in coloured or gilded wicker-work as to remain a desirable possession when the flowers are faded, and the bulbs must be removed; then damp moss or small pots packed into the basket will hold gracefully a succession of cut flowers for long to come. A popular shape is that of the ubiquitous motor-car, painted in delicate colours on a cream wicker-work shape, and filled with growing lilies-of-the-valley; or with the outside of the car all coloured in a deep shade of red, royal blue, or brown that does not kill the strong colouring of croton leaves relieved with white chrysanthemums or gardenias. Round baskets are liked tinted in green and gold in lines to brighten the cream of the wicker; lilies-of-the-valley, the crowns planted in earth, fill such a basket charmingly. More elaborate devices are by no means unknown; crowns, and circles, and crescents, and cushions; but, for ordinary purposes, the plain round basket, wheelbarrow, or motor-car are best. Large and smartly tied bows of ribbon take their part in completing the effect.

Violets are now in season all the year round, and most of these, like many other of the flowers just now available for us, come from the South of France. In a short time the Scilly Isles will begin to pour into Covent Garden the proceeds of the cultivation of thousands of bulbs and acres of flower-beds; but the carnations, the red geraniums, the Tsar violets, the narcissus-blossoms, and the delicious roses arrive at present from yet warmer climes than our own sister isle off the southern coast. Most of the daffodils come from the Scilly Isles. The beautiful mimosa, which comes as a standing reminder of the exquisite blending of tints by Nature, in its perfect contrast of the ochre-yellow

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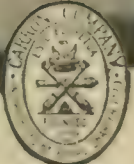
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bloom with the grey green of the graceful foliage, will at this season be rendered up in profusion by the trees that bedeck the Mediterranean coast. Silver bowls and vases are particularly lovely for violets and mimosa sprays combined, as indeed for many other floral combinations. It is easy to make the table and the room beautiful with blossoms at an expense that is relatively moderate, and with a variety that is indeed charming and quite one of our present-day privileges, for in the days when no railway trains existed we could not have had the foreign growths brought and we should at the same time have lacked the stimulus to our own growers that now has produced such excellent results. Where the cost of flowers is a consideration, even at present prices, the purchase of growing ones may be recommended.

Buttons and buckles are both features of costume at present. Especially is this true of the button, which in its various sizes and guises is one of the most effective items in ornament. Antique silver ones are always handsome—that is to say, those antique in design, even if not so in point of duration and fact. The best designs alone can survive the passage of time, and so a reproduction of an antique that is still in existence must naturally be a thing of quite exceptional beauty and artistic merit. The curved outlines of the Louis Quinze and Seize period, with pseudo-classical designs upon their surfaces, are now beautifully reproduced. Tiny buttons of the same material as the larger ones, and either exactly repeating the design, or at least very similar in outline and idea, are combined with the large ones. Enamel constructs many of the most handsome buttons, for in this shades of colour are to be obtained to harmonise with any material. Some of the buttons that have green, or deep red, or purple tints in the enamel are surrounded by silver rims; and, conversely, one sees handsome buttons where a design in enamel surrounds the silver centre. A wreath of roses in natural pink for the blossoms and green leaves, all round a silver filigree centre, was a very handsome button, of which four were set on the folded satin belt of a heliotrope chiffon velours gown. Tiny miniatures form another fashionable and effective button. There are seen also gold, silver, and steel settings to amethyst, topaz or coral centres. Combined in some specimens with good effect are two or three metals, such as gold, platinum and cut steel. Some of the gold (or gold-cased) buttons are welcome in their very simplicity, for they are quite plain, though redeemed from commonplace by some point in the shape. Some in a diamond shape, both large and small, the varying sizes set in different situations, of plain bright gold, made a very satisfactory finish on a black mousseline velours Princess gown. In strong contrast were



A PRINCESS REDINGOTE.

This handsome visiting dress is in dark brown chiffon velours, the back cut all in one Princess style, the front opening to the waist-line, trimmed with large and small enamel buttons and gold embroidery.

the more showy button ornaments of another frock built in the very same material; these were heart-shaped, the outline made in an interlacing scroll of gold and platinum, and the centre a pierced, open Watteau design in gold of Cupid, bow and arrow in hand, surrounded by tiny doves with diamond sparks for eyes.

Here are some of the most attractive models that I have seen recently, and they are sufficiently advanced in style to be safely copied for spring wear; the originals have been sent recently from Paris to a lady who dresses particularly well at Monte Carlo and Nice, and replicas have come over here as models for a great house. First there is a tailor-made gown of the softest and palest grey face-cloth; the skirt is made with a plain front panel, and round the rest of its width are two flounces, the top one descending below the knees. Over this is a three-quarter coat, perfectly close-fitting and supplied with a vest of fancy brocade in white and gold, but a few inches wide, which is also embroidered with soutache gold braid in a thin and light design; this fastens down the exact front of the coat with small gold and green enamel buttons; a distinctive point about it is the extreme width of the skirt, which lies about four inches on the ground at the sides and back. Then comes a chiffon velours in golden brown, with a bolero having wide and sharp revers faced with old rose silk, opening back from a vest of pleated chiffon, on which are placed, as also on the revers themselves, embroidered muslin motifs. The full skirt falls in plain folds, and is trimmed with the same medallions laid round the bottom third of its length.

A cinnamon brown taffetas came to light next, made with a fitted Louis coat of the same coloured velvet, relieved by a narrow long vest, coming well down over the tablier, of white satin covered by a passementerie of white silk embroidered with black and gold; this vest was cut away at the top to display a chemisette of Irish point, and the same heavy creamy lace was used as two flounces on the skirt, forming its sole decoration as it fell in full, graceful folds under the velvet coat's deep length. Finally came a black crêpe-de-Chine relieved with flaming orange panne discreetly appearing as narrow outer revers on under ones of white silk; as a deep waistbelt under the Empire puff of the corsage, intermingled tastefully here with both black and white soft silk folds; as an under frill to the short sleeve puff; and finally the skirt was touched with the orange panne in the form of dog's-ear shapes of it alternating with other similar ones of black lined with white, heading a flounce.

In alluding to the welcome given to the Princess of Wales by the ladies of Bombay a few weeks ago, I referred to the Sassoon family of that city as Parsees. Two correspondents have written from Bombay to correct this statement as to the nationality of the public-spirited and wealthy family referred to. The Sassoons are, of course, Jews, not Parsees. FILOMENA.

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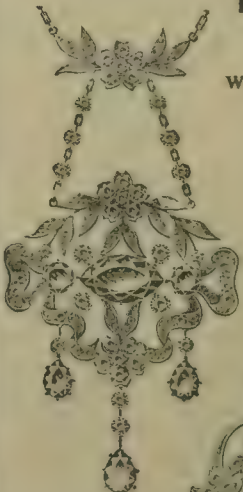
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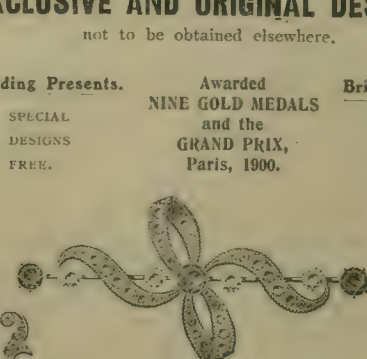
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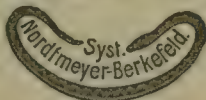
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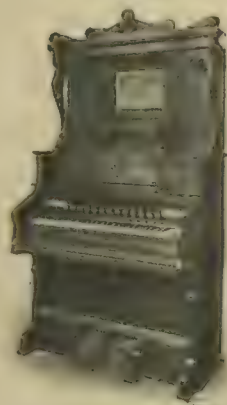
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## MUSIC.

A FEW evenings ago, while watching the ballet of "Cinderella" at the Empire Theatre, we were struck by the arrangement of the music. While there was little or nothing that was original, the score was cleverly worked up from the momentarily attractive songs of modern writers of musical comedy, and from the more enduring melodies of operatic composers of the first rank. Gounod and Rossini contributed to the score very considerably, and it seemed symptomatic of the curious perversion of ideas that one notes to-day in the world of entertainment that ballet should seek assistance from opera, when, of course, it is opera that should be seeking assistance from ballet.

We have heard people declare that their reason for not seeking ballet in London's opera-house is that they can see it very well at a music hall, like the Empire or Alhambra. This attitude, we take leave to suggest, is purely insular, and at the present moment is not justified by facts. On the Continent, of course, ballet is recognised as the proper associate of opera, and if you were to ask old musicians to name the people whose performances at the opera stand out most prominently in their minds, they would be safe to mention great dancers as well as great singers. Only England ignores the fact that Gluck, Lulli, Mozart, and Beethoven wrote ballets, or forgets that in France some of the greatest literary men have united with

leading musicians to produce work that has claimed the suffrage of people whose intelligence was beyond dispute.

While ballet was treated in perfect seriousness at London's leading variety theatres, and musicians like Sir Arthur Sullivan, Leopold Wenzel, and Hervé set well-considered stories to music, the absence of ballet

Directors of music-halls are heard to declare that their public does not require *ballets d'action* on the grand scale. This condition would be a very serious one but for the fact that it gives the directors of our National Opera House the opportunity of restoring ballet to its proper status. We have in London a

dancer whose gifts and graces are not inferior to those of Taglioni and Ellsler. Many of the greatest composers of opera have attached beautiful ballets to their scores, and some of the shorter operas that are heard at Covent Garden from time to time cannot fill the evening bill. A well-produced ballet would save the situation.

There is no doubt that the absence of ballet from the opera-house is accountable for the decline of the study of gesture and of proper stage deportment, for the *ballet d'action* asserts the dignity of the human form, and lends to its most capable exponents an eloquence that is not the less remarkable because it is dumb. At present, too, many of our great singers are lacking altogether in personal dignity; they are merely and obviously well-intentioned, good-natured, happy folk, who are not on thinking terms with any part they play, and consider that when they have come right out of the picture framed by the proscenium, and have

administered their high note to an expectant gallery, they have fulfilled all that can be legitimately required of them. If ballet could be restored to its old place, the inevitable result would be seen in a measure of improvement in the conditions under which even the most charming operas are presented to-day.



Photo. King.

## MIMIC WAR BEFORE THE PRINCE OF WALES ON THE INDIAN FRONTIER.

The great manoeuvres, directed by Lord Kitchener, took the form of a realistic defence of the Indian Frontier. The photograph shows field-guns at work on the Mallah heights.

from the opera did not greatly matter. But the debasement of the old style of performance wrought by musical comedy results in a curious condition of things. Ballet, so long separated from opera in London, is losing all its proper qualities in the variety theatres, and tends to become vulgar and tasteless.

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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## "THE LITTLE CHERUB." AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

ALL musical comedies are very much like one another whatever their titles, providing as they do a more or less incoherent *mélange* of song and dance and fun and spectacle; and any individual features to which "The Little Cherub" may lay claim are certainly not those of freshness of story. for Mr. Owen Hall's libretto has more connection with half-a-dozen musical farces than with its supposed original, Meilhac's "Decoré," and as certainly not those of mirthfulness, the new piece being sadly lacking in the elements of laughter. No, what will draw the town to the Prince of Wales's will be the sparkling music with which Mr. Ivan Caryll has provided "The Little Cherub," and the superbly beautiful costumes on which Mr. Edwardes must have lavished abundance of thought, money, and taste; these things, in general, and in particular the bewitching and far too brief dancing of Miss Gabrielle Ray, and a piquant song piquantly sung by Miss Evie Greene and entitled "Experience," which will be whistled in a week or two all over London. The play's rather unedifying plot deals with the adventures of a sanctimonious, stage-hating peer, who capitulates at once to the charms of an actress, and is discovered by his four stage-mad young daughters revelling in a theatrical supper-party. But the rôle of the actress gives some fine opportunities to Miss Greene as vocalist and comédienne; there are some lively concerted pieces in which favourites such as Miss Zena Dare and Miss Lily Elsie have a share; there is a "Supper-girl" ditty which Mr. Farkoa is sure to make popular; and if, as yet, Mr. Fred Kaye and his fellow-comedians are not very funny, after all a musical comedy on a first night only represents the nucleus of an entertainment, and "The Little Cherub" has a good nucleus in its music and costumes.

## "A ROYAL DIVORCE." AT THE SCALA.

That very popular historical melodrama of the late W. G. Wills's writing, "A Royal Divorce," has once more been revived, this time at the Scala Theatre, where Mr. W. W. Kelly apparently hopes to do better than Mr. Forbes-Robertson. The fifteen-year-old play, thanks to its conventional portrait of Napoleon, its patriotic and warlike speeches, its scenes of despair and excitement

and self-sacrifice for the divorced Josephine, still seems to afford plenty of delight to unsophisticated playgoers; and certainly, with Mr. Frank Lester, who proves a most vigorous and resonant Napoleon; with Mr. G. W. Cockburn, who brings out all the villainy of the traitor De Beaumont; with Mrs. Cecil Raleigh, who makes a most picturesque Marie Louise; and with Miss Edith

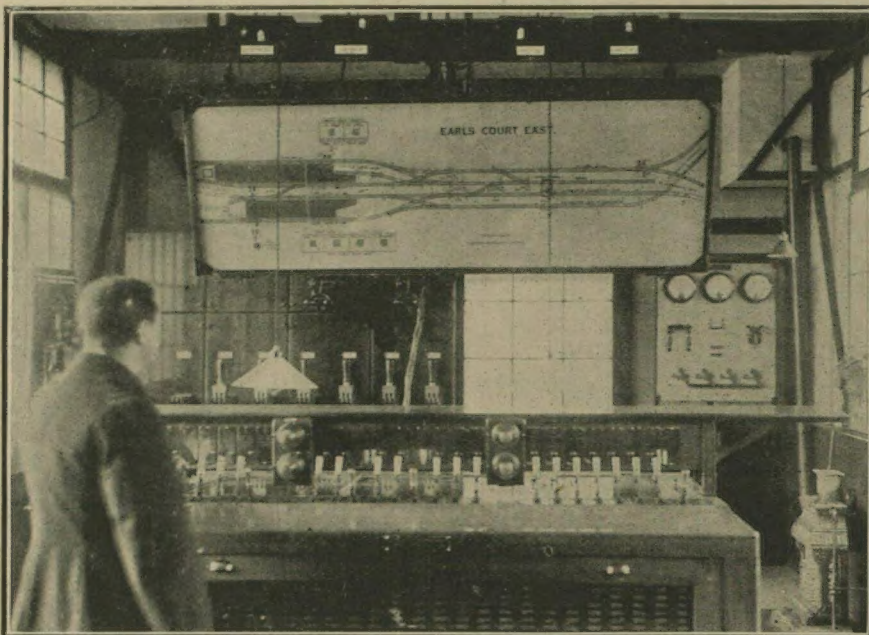


Photo. Illustrations Bureau.

## THE NEW SYSTEM OF ELECTRIC SIGNALLING ON THE DISTRICT RAILWAY.

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Cole, who is a most appealing Josephine, the Scala cast must be pronounced to be quite uncommonly strong.

Sir Alfred Jones has built a fine hotel—the Metro-pole—at Sekondi, West Africa, by far the best on the coast; and, considering the innumerable difficulties, the cuisine is astonishingly good. Occasionally there occurs some minor mishap, as scarcity of water to such an extent that tea is not to be had for love or money, so that breakfast has to be made on lager or Apollinaris. But this is not as bad as one might think; indeed, some take to it so kindly that they show no desire whatever to return to the more homely tea or coffee!

## ART NOTES.

MILLET, whose drawings have been acclaimed as among the greatest, is, in fact, little known either as painter or draughtsman in this country. The fame of the "Angelus" is the fame of report and hearsay rather than of actual knowledge. Photographic reproductions have given his work at second-hand to great numbers, and perhaps Millet has more admirers who have never seen him in the original than any other artist. Many are the lovers of Rembrandt in this country, of Botticelli, of Titian; but all have verified their affections at the National Gallery. Comparatively few people find their way to the recently opened Ionides Room at the Victoria and Albert Museum, the only public place where Millet may be seen and must be admired.

At the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, is a splendid collection of the peasant-painter's drawings, formed by the late Mr. Staats Forbes. Only that wise collector's decision to buy Millet drawings was needed to make a splendid collection; for all Millet's drawings are great drawings. He had no weak phase; his genius never went astray; his impulse was always strong. The inspiration that came to him from the fields animated his first and his last drawing. Extreme poverty did not shake him, nor comparative wealth enervate him. It will be seen at the Leicester Galleries how intense were all the minor moments of this man's life; a drawing, taking but a minute to accomplish, is a certain witness to the unguarded side of its maker's character. There is as much solemnity in Millet's scribble as in his most considered labours. Many scribbles were treasured by Staats Forbes, and are now acknowledged treasures at the Leicester Galleries.

The secret of Millet's greatness in all his lesser drawings is that he never used the implements of his art without a definite and serious purpose. It would seem that he held his power as a precious and sacred one, so little did he abuse it. Only one drawing among the hundred and more of its fellows at the Leicester Galleries has any suggestion of the grotesque or of a mood not fraught with seriousness. Some lovely studies for "Les Glaneuses"; the picture in the Louvre, "Les Deux Glaneuses," beautiful in design; the "Porteuse d'Eau," and "L'Enfant Malade," are among the most precious of this collection. W. M.

Rosin  
stains  
and  
spoils  
lace,  
linens,  
woollens,  
and  
the  
skin.

## VINOLIA WHITE BAR

is the only Household Soap  
without Rosin.

Washes white — Does not stain.

Outlasts every other Soap—twice  
over.

4d. Bar for 3d

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**PIPPERMINT**  
MESSRS GET FRÈRES  
Quarts 5/- Pints 3/-  
DIGESTIVE INVIGORATING TONIC STIMULATING

Refuse all substitutes.  
There are many CRÈME de MENTHE but only one  
GET FRÈRES PIPPERMINT Liqueur.  
See that you get it from your Wine Merchant.  
Free sample on application to  
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**Craven**  
"Deliciously mild, yet full of  
fragrance, and never burns  
the tongue."  
Carreras Ltd. & all Tobacconists

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HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from falling off.  
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.  
Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour.  
IS NOT a dye.

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ASK YOUR CHEMIST OR HAIRDRESSER FOR

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The Most Efficacious  
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## COD LIVER OIL

CHEST, THROAT, DEBILITY, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, RICKETS, &c.

It is sold by all Chemists in Capsuled Imperial Half-Pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 9s.  
See Testimonials surrounding each Bottle.

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Circumstances alter cases,  
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Collars. Gentlemen's 4-fold, from 4/11 per doz. Cuffs for Ladies or Gentlemen, from 5/11 per doz.

Shirts, Fine Quality Long Cloth, with 4-fold pure Linen Fronts, 35/6 per doz. (to measure, 2/- extra).

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A Delicious Dish at a Moment's Notice.  
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Chicken, Rabbit, Mutton, Lobster, Prawns, Sauce, Powder, Chutnee, Paste.

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One cup contains more nourishment than 10 cups of any ordinary cocoa, and is absolutely free from chemicals.

NOURISHES  
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Every grain of food is made more nourishing by using

**CEREBOS SALT**

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By Royal Warrant to  
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By Royal Warrant to  
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WATER BEDS AND INVALID CHAIRS AND CARRIAGES ARE LENT TO THE AFFLICTED.

It provides against imposition by supplying the appliance on the certificate of a Surgeon only. By special grant it ensures that every deserving applicant shall receive prompt assistance.

35,083 Appliances given in the year ending September 30, 1905.

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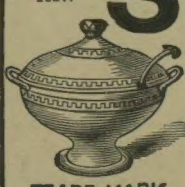
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in your possession you can be absolutely sure of owning the most perfect modern piano obtainable. Its Special Sounding Board gives a beauty of tone lacking in all other makes. These pianos are listed at 85 guineas cash, but we supply them for £55 nett cash or on monthly payments of 30/- each, 10% extra.

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**SYMINGTON'S PEA SOUP**

Prepared from Symington's Pea Flour, Extract of Meat, Herbs, and other Seasonings. Water only has to be added.

Sold in Packs, 1d.; and Tins, 3d., 6d., and 1s. each.

Manufacturers: W. SYMINGTON & CO., Ltd.  
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**Wright's.**

THE ORIGINAL  
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ONLY GENUINE.

4d. per tablet in United Kingdom.



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## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

THE Bishop of London has chosen as the New Year's motto for 1906 the words, "Look straight at the light and you will always have the shadows behind."

Preparations are now well advanced for the Bishop's Lenten mission in North London. It will open at St. Michael's, Highgate, on Feb. 25. In March the Bishop will be in Islington, St. Pancras, and Kentish Town, and in the early weeks of April at Hampstead and Camden Town.

The news that the Rev. W. R. Inge, M.A., author of "Christian Mysticism," would preach at St. Paul's on Sunday, Jan. 7, attracted large numbers of people to the Cathedral, and a very striking sermon was their reward. The new Vicar of All Saints', Ennismore Gardens, is a great acquisition to the pulpit-force of London. His pithy sentences linger in the memory, and there is dash and daring under his quiet manner. Referring to "Authority" on Sunday morning, he remarked: "Every good teacher strives to make himself no longer necessary; authority should do the same. If it is jealous, if it tries to keep the adult mind in leading-strings, it becomes a tyranny."

Ian Maclaren has returned to Liverpool after a very interesting holiday in Egypt. He has many preaching and lecturing engagements for the present year. His health is now re-established, and it is probable that his retirement from the active ministry of a single

congregation will be the gain of the Presbyterian churches as a whole.

The new Bishop of St. Germans, better known as Archdeacon Cornish, has been presented by the parishioners of Kenwyn with an illuminated address and an episcopal ring set with a fine sapphire.

Nearly all the Bishops now try to secure a winter holiday. The Bishop of Ripon, who pleaded eloquently on behalf of the Russian Jews at last week's great meeting in the Queen's Hall, is to be absent from his diocese for a few weeks in January or February. The Bishop of London has returned from Bournemouth, and has a long series of pulpit engagements for the early spring months.

The Bishop of Likoma, who is visiting London on a short holiday, is justifiably proud of his Cathedral, which has been built by Africans with African materials. "It is a building," he says, "which would be creditable even in London—of solid granite, with walls two feet thick, and brick arches. There is a morning chapel, which is used for daily service." The native church is increasing and expanding at the rate of 500 communicants per annum.

Messrs. Scrubb and Co., Limited, have recently taken large manufacturing premises in New York, and started a business in that city. The works are now in full swing, and there is every prospect that the virtues of Scrubb's Ammonia will be appreciated as much, or even more, there than here.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated May 9, 1903), with a codicil, of COLONEL FRANCIS WILLIAM RHODES, C.B., D.S.O., of Dalham Hall, Suffolk, and 17, Stratton Street, Piccadilly, who died on Sept. 21, was proved on Jan. 2 by Captain Ernest Frederick Rhodes, the brother, and Mackworth Bulkeley Praed, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £116,993. The testator gives £10,000 each to his brother Arthur and his sister Louisa; £1000 to Mr. Praed; £300 per annum to Elizabeth, widow of Thomas William Rhodes; and all his personal property, except money and securities, to his brother Ernest. Sums of £750 per annum are to be paid to his brothers and sisters, Elmhurst, Arthur, Bernard, Edith, and Louisa, for life, and, on the death of each of them leaving children, sums of £18,000 are to be raised for such issue. The ultimate residue is to be held in trust for the person who is tenant for life of the Dalham estates.

The will (dated Aug. 28, 1903) of MR. WILLIAM OSBORN ATKINSON, of The Oaklands, Gravelly Hill, Warwick, chairman of Atkinson's Brewery, Limited, who died on July 14, has been proved by Mrs. Ethel Lucy Atkinson, the widow, and Miss Mary Jane Atkinson, the sister, the value of the estate being £70,500. The testator directs that his ordinary shares in Atkinson's Brewery are to be sold and the proceeds invested in favour of his children. The residue of his property he leaves as to three fourteenths in trust for his wife, two fourteenths in trust for each of his sisters Mary, Jane, and Emily, and the ultimate residue to his children, and the issue of any deceased child.

**HOVENDEN'S**  
**"EASY" HAIR CURLER**  
WILL NOT ENTANGLE OR BREAK THE HAIR.  
ARE EFFECTIVE,  
AND REQUIRE NO SKILL  
TO USE.

For Very Bold Curls  
"IMPERIAL"  
CURLERS.

12 CURLERS IN BOX.  
Post Free for 6 Stamps  
OF ALL HAIRDRESSERS, &c.

BEWARE OF  
SPURIOUS  
IMITATIONS.  
The GENUINE  
TRADE MARK  
on right-hand  
corner of  
label, thus:

Wholesale only, R. HOVENDEN & SONS, Ltd.,  
BARNES STREET, W., & CITY ROAD, E.C.

**Here's Your Health**

2  
OF THE  
BEST

BOTH BRANDS ARE O.K.  
**GRAND HIGHLAND LIQUEUR**  
5/.  
**THE ROBBIE BURNS**  
3/6

R.H. THOMSON  
& CO.  
LEITH & LONDON

**Fernet-  
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**Bitters**

An Unequalled Appetiser & Tonic

Fernet Branca of Fratelli Branca  
(Branca Bros.) of Milan.

**FOOT COMFORT**  
OBTAINED FROM BATHS WITH CUTICURA SOAP  
AND ANOINTINGS WITH CUTICURA, THE  
GREAT SKIN CURE.

Soak the feet on retiring in a strong, hot, creamy lather of Cuticura Soap. Dry, and anoint freely with Cuticura Ointment, the great Skin Cure. Bandage lightly in old, soft cotton or linen. For itching, burning and scaly eczema, rashes, inflammation and chafing of the feet or hands, for redness, roughness, cracks and fissures, with brittle, shapeless nails, and for tired, aching muscles and joints, this treatment is simply wonderful, frequently curing in a single night.

**HOOPING COUGH, CROUP.**

**ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION.**

THE celebrated effectual cure without internal medicine. Sole Wholesale Agents, W. EDWARDS and SON, 157, Queen Victoria Street, London. New York: FOUGERA & CO., 90, Beekman Street.

Sold by all Chemists. Price 4s. per Bottle.

**Goddard's  
Plate  
Powder**

For Cleaning Silver, Electro Plate, &c.  
Sold everywhere 1/- 2/6 & 4/6.

**NO MORE ASTHMA**

FROM THIS MOMENT.

Awarded one hundred thousand francs. Gold and Silver Medals, and admitted to be unrivalled. Particulars gratis and post free from DR. CLERY, 63, BOULEVARD ST. MARTIN, PARIS. DEPOT: WILCOX, JOZEAU, AND CO., 49, Haymarket, London, S.W.

30 times more nutritious than milk.

**PLASMON**

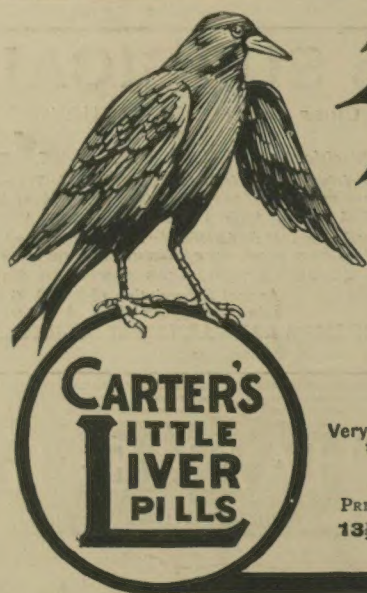
THE MAINSTAY OF LIFE.

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**UNIQUE WINTER SPA.**

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**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS**

For HEADACHE,  
For BILIOUSNESS,  
For INDIGESTION,  
For TORPID LIVER,  
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For SALLOW SKIN,  
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Very small, and easy to  
take as sugar.

Purely  
Vegetable.

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PRICE  
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All Chemists and Stores, at 1/1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> and 2/9 per box.

**Oakey's "WELLINGTON"  
Knife Polish**

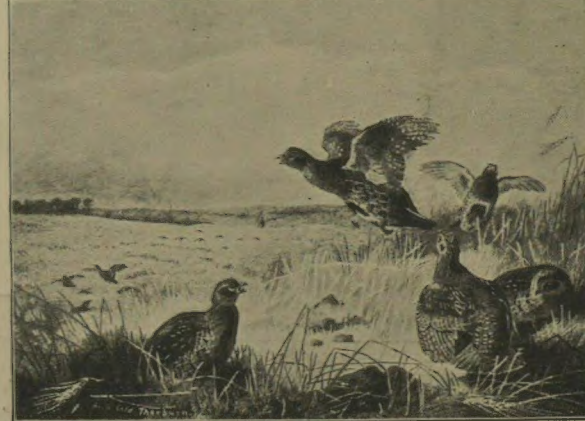
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